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MAURICE AND HIS FATHER.

A ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY SARA KING WILEY.

"WH—WHEN shall we ar—rive?" said little Maurice Terraine, the words being fairly joggled out of him by his bumping up and down on his pony. Sir Lawrence Terraine turned slightly in his saddle, and surveyed with displeasure the absurd figure behind him. Flat on his stomach, with both arms wound in the pony's mane, Maurice was urging on that lazy little beast by rapid kicks from two small heels. He raised a face scarlet with heat, but glowing with excitement, and surrounded by a tangle of damp curls, for his hat had gone long before.

"Maurice," said his father, severely, "hold yourself upon your horse in a more seemly posture. Is it possible that you never have ridden before?"

"Yes, sir. I never did ride before," answered the boy, struggling obediently to sit up, but not daring to loose his grip on the pony's mane, "and I do not com—comprehend how you match with his hops."

Sir Lawrence, looking at the little figure which was bunched up in the position of a monkey on a stick, could not refrain from smiling.

"Aunt Dawson," continued Maurice, encouraged to freedom by his father's smile, "would

not permit me to mount a horse. I—I did ride a cow once, but the g—gait is different."

"I will hold you, my son," said the stately gentleman, and, reining in his horse, he put one arm around the boy, and began to show him how to ride.

It was a warm day in August, 1780; and the detachment of English cavalry with which Maurice and his father journeyed were taking some American prisoners to Charleston, South Carolina. The Revolutionary War had been going on for nearly five years, and in spite of the courage of the Americans, the outlook for them was a dark one. The Continental Army in the North was in a sad condition—unpaid, and in want of food. And in the South the English had taken Charleston, and Lord Cornwallis and Major Tarleton were expected very soon to put an end to the war.

Maurice was in a strange position for so small a boy; but his father, who wished to keep his child with him, believed that the fighting was really over, and had brought Maurice on from his home in St. Augustine.

Sir Lawrence Terraine was in no way con-nected with the English army. He had been

obliged to make a business trip to the North; and on his return had consented to accompany this expedition as far as Charleston, more for the pleasure of traveling with his friend Captain Debrow than from any desire for protection. It was the general opinion of the British at the time of our story that the poor and ragged bands of Americans, who, commanded by Marion, wandered about in the woods, would soon be captured or put to flight.

"Were you happy with Aunt Dawson, Maurice?" said Sir Lawrence suddenly to his son. "Why, you were with her in London eight whole years. When I left you to come to America after your mother died, you were only three years old."

"Ye—s, sir," said Maurice, slowly; "I was happy. She was very good. I like this better, though. She was very quiet, and I had to be still most of the time." Then, with a sudden burst of confidence, "Of course, I loved her. She was the only relation I had; but, father, I've only been with you three months,—it is just three months since you came to England for me when Aunt Dawson died—and, father, I love you more in three months than I loved her in eight years."

"I am rejoiced to hear that you care for me, my son," said Sir Lawrence. "I hope that your affection will continue in proportion. If you love me eight ounces in three months—I shall suppose that you loved your aunt one ounce a year—how many ounces will you love me in eight years?"

"I do not measure my love by ounces," said Maurice, gravely. "I am a gentleman; not a merchant."

His father laughed, patted the boy on the cheek with his gloved hand, and, turning to the officer who rode on his left, he resumed the conversation which his little side-talk with Maurice had interrupted.

"You must have perceived already, Captain Debrow," he said, "though your courtesy will not acknowledge it, that I am sadly ignorant of this country, and, indeed, of the causes and conduct of this whole rebellion. My absorption in my work, and my manner of life, have brought this about. As you know, I am much more a student of books than of men."

"Still," urged the persistent captain, "you must perceive the right of England to rule her own colonies. It is my opinion that you should form your opinions without longer delay. I am assured besides that you would make a good soldier; for, despite your cold manner, you have already as much influence with these men as I—nay, more."

"I have neglected this matter too long," said Sir Lawrence, slowly. "I will form my opinions. I see plainly the claims of England. And after I have heard the other side, if I become convinced that it is my duty to do so, of course I will offer my services to the king."

"You will be wise to do that," answered Captain Debrow. "We shall soon put down this rebellion, and it will then be inconvenient to be on the American side."

He spoke these words in a harsh manner, which was disagreeable to his auditor. The contrast was great between the delicate features of Sir Lawrence Terraine and Captain Debrow's rather coarsely molded face; but nevertheless a sincere friendship existed between the two men.

"Lord Cornwallis will, I am sure, treat the conquered gently," answered Sir Lawrence. "And this General Washington,—what sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, an untutored savage," said Debrow. "At least he has gathered what he knows here in the wilderness—was a surveyor at sixteen, and with Braddock later."

The progress of the horses through the sandy soil was necessarily slow. Upon both sides stretched away rolling land, covered with a mass of low spike-palms, their fan-like leaves coated with dust.

At this point the conversation of the gentlemen was stopped by sounds of wailing ahead.

"What is that?" said Sir Lawrence Terraine, looking forward anxiously.

Captain Debrow did not answer, but smiled a little, as if he knew. Maurice's face exhibited such repressed questions, that his father said:

"Well, my son? What have you to say?" in answer to his eager glances; and a torrent of words broke forth.

"I heard that before, sir, some time ago. Is it Indians? Will they try to scalp us? Shall

we fight them? Oh, may I borrow a gun? Please, father, let me have a gun! I know how to hold it, and I can pull the trigger, I'm sure. And I would be careful not to aim it at you, indeed I would!"

"I should think your looks would be sufficient to startle even a savage, Maurice," said Sir Lawrence, glancing at the boy's wild hair and dirty face.

"Anyway, he did not forbid me to take a gun at all," thought Maurice; and he stowed away for future reference the mental note: "Father has not forbidden me to take a gun."

At this moment the cause of the noise became apparent. On the right side of the road was what had been a fine farm, now the scene of havoc and destruction. The pretty front garden was trampled to mud, the flowers lay, pitifully dying, uprooted in the scorching sun. The house was no longer there; in its place

searching the ground in hopes of finding the few treasures which had been flung from the windows the previous night, while others were weeping forlornly. Sir Lawrence Terraine's pale face flushed with indignation.

"Who has done this? Is it the Cherokees? Infamous! Outrageous!" he cried, and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped over to one of the wretched groups, followed by Maurice.

"Madam," said Sir Lawrence to one of the women, who sat with several children huddled about her, "from whom and why have you suffered this injury?"

The poor creature raised a tear-stained face, but answered with flashing eyes:

"Why? Because my husband is with Marion, fighting for his country. From whom? From the army of his Majesty, King George."

"I feel sure this is some mistake, madam," answered the Englishman, much troubled.



MAURICE AND SERGEANT ANDREWS UNDER FIRE.
(SEE PAGE 711.)

were smoldering embers from which still rose a thick black smoke; and, most woeful of all, wandering distractedly about the ruins was a miserable band of women and children, some

"Permit me to help you as far as I am personally able"; and he offered her some gold.

Her face softened, but she refused the proffered aid, saying that money would only be stolen from her.

"Surely, the king's officers would respect your sorrow," said he, attempting to force the coins into her hands.

"Come on, come on, Terraine!" shouted Captain Debrow; and the kind-hearted gentleman, assuring the woman that her case should

not be neglected, was obliged to ride forward. Maurice lingered, stripping off his coat.

"Please take this for that little boy," he said, hurriedly thrusting it into the woman's hands; "his is burnt, is n't it? I can get another to-night."

Then, without waiting for thanks, Maurice kicked his pony and hastened off, his round face red and sober.

"Debrow," said his friend, "this is unbearable! I shall complain to Major Tarleton as soon as possible."

"My dear fellow," was the careless answer, "these people are only one case. Why, the order of Cornwallis to Clinton was, 'No good faith or justice is to be expected from the rebels, and we ought in all our transactions with them to act upon that supposition.'"

Sir Lawrence Terraine set his thin lips with a rather unpleasant expression.

"I shall have no part in such warfare," he answered; "it is unmanly, unsoldierly, and unchristian"; and drawing away from Debrow as if conversation with him was now become distasteful, he began to ask Maurice questions about his life in England, which that young gentleman answered eagerly. This talk lasted until the party halted for the night. Maurice occupied a room in a neighboring farmhouse, and was bidden to go to sleep at once, as they would rise very early in order to cross the Santee before daybreak.

In the cold and crystal air of the early morning, when there was yet no color in the landscape, and only a paling streak in the east, the guard with their prisoners started to ford the river. Maurice, standing on the bank beside his father, was watching the proceeding with great interest.

Suddenly a cry rang out from the shore opposite to Maurice, and one of the foremost men ran to the party which was there landing. Some of the prisoners were already across, and the first movement was to surround these. The sharp crack of a musket was heard. Maurice started, and his eyes shone. Then a chill ran down his spine as he saw one of the soldiers pitch forward on his face.

Now black figures sprang from the woods, and the noise of the firing came faster and

faster, filling the air with din and rattle. Little puffs of smoke rose here and there among the bushes by the shore, telling whence a bullet had sped. Other shots hit the water and sent up jets of foam. A man rushing past shouted:

"T is Marion! Marion is upon us!"

Disorder began to spread among the British on the further shore. The prisoners in the transport on its way across were struggling with their guards. Another boat was about to put out from the nearer bank. A soldier approached Sir Lawrence Terraine and said a few words hastily. Maurice's father turned with him and approached his boy.

"Maurice, the men over there are frightened. I must go to them. If the prisoners get freedom it will be bad. You are quite safe here. Sergeant Andrews will stay with you. I will—return—" and the grave, steady voice faltered.

"Yes, father." Maurice's voice sounded far away to his own ears; he was glad to hear it ring out so clear. Sir Lawrence stooped suddenly and kissed the boy's lips; then, without another word, he turned and strode away.

Maurice stood watching the familiar back with a lump in his throat; then he thought, "This is my first battle!" It was a splendid thought, and quickly brought with it a second, "I must have a gun." Andrews, however, differed from him on this point; but not far from them a musket had been dropped by some panic-stricken man, and Maurice possessed himself of it, assuring the sergeant that his father would allow it, he knew; which was, indeed, a slight changing of the mental note, "Father did not forbid me."

Meanwhile the terror and confusion increased every moment among the British troops. The prisoners were rapidly freeing themselves and joining in the fray. Those on the transports had come to hand-to-hand conflicts; Maurice saw two men clinch, and, tugging together, fall over into the water and disappear. He was standing close by the bank, when he perceived that the Americans had captured a boat and were crossing the stream. The sergeant saw it, too, and his face paled.

"We're as safe here as anywhere," he muttered half to himself, half to Maurice; "we're out of range and hidden by the bushes."

A few minutes more and the boat touched the land and the men leaped ashore.

"We'd best go further off," said the sergeant excitedly. He was a brave man, but his responsibility for this little boy's safety was terrible to him and unsettled his nerves. He seized



"THEY FELL TO FIGHTING, AND THE LITTLE DOG WATCHED THEM." (SEE PAGE 713.)

Maurice's arm and they started from their cover and ran along the bank, which just here was much higher than the river. They had gone some distance when, amid all the uproar, they heard the sound of footsteps near at hand and two men leaped from the woods a few rods ahead. Maurice knew one instant of rigid terror, then his courage came. He raised his heavy musket unsteadily, and pulled the trigger with all his strength. As he did so, with the rapid consciousness of the intense moment, he

heard another shot and he wondered in a flash if it would hurt if it hit him, and where it would strike. Then his own gun went off with a tremendous crash and a recoil that sent him on his back. As he fell, he loosed his hold on the musket. It dropped with a great splash into the water, and Sergeant Andrews, as he sank to the ground with a bullet in his ribs, thought in his last conscious moment, "The boy's gone down on the stream."

Maurice, rising, beheld his friend apparently lifeless before him, a great crimson stain spreading fast on his white shirt. The boy saw the enemy approaching from beyond; before and behind there was danger. Suddenly, wild with fear, he turned and darted into the woods. How long he ran, while every twig that cracked behind him seemed an approaching foe, he never knew.

At length he stopped to get his breath. The noise of the firing was faint in the distance, and it occurred to him that his best plan was to strike for the river in order to be sure of his situation. He therefore took what he thought to be the right direction and toiled on for some time, the perspiration running from his face, and his legs trembling from fatigue. Soon he came to a swamp and attempted to cross by jumping from one tuft of grass to another. Several times he slipped and went into the oozy mud over his shoe-tops. At length the marsh became what seemed to be an immense lake, with the forest trees and even bushes growing out of the water and casting long wriggling black shadows upon its surface.

Keeping to the marsh in order to avoid this strange water forest he changed his course, and finally came again to hard ground. He sat down under a pine-tree, and, searching his beloved pocket, found some biscuits which he had saved from breakfast. Tiny black flies annoyed him by stinging his hands. He felt warm and sticky, but the shade was pleasant, and he was very tired; so he laid his head down at the foot of the tree and closed his eyes. The southern night fell like a cloak cast suddenly from heaven, and the thought went through Maurice's head that he knew how his bird felt when he covered his cage. In the growing darkness the boy saw what he thought was an immense nest

of snakes coiled near him. He sprang up with a cry, and as he did so perceived that they were only the smooth gray roots of a curious tree. But with that start of fear his courage was gone.



ON THE WAY TO ST. AUGUSTINE.

"Father!" he shrieked, "father!" and called and called with some wild idea that his father must hear him, and ran desperately on until another great root caught his toe and he fell forward upon a pile of moss and lay quite still, sobbing distractedly.

The forest seemed alive with tiny noises. A bird hopped from branch to branch above his head and set the leaves shaking lightly together. Then he heard some little creature scurrying through the underbrush and the far-off cry of a soaring night-bird in search of prey. Cuddling close to the tree trunk in the darkness he ceased his crying.

It was, however, a long and restless night with wild dreams and frequent awakenings, and it was long before deep slumber finally came upon him.

On waking Maurice felt fresh and brave again. He decided, as he saw the sun, to guide his course by it and to keep steadily to the east. He had not gone far before he saw a bonfire gleaming between the trees and several men sitting about it. Delighted at the thought of rescue he ran forward. One of the men jumped to his feet and pointed a gun at him, then lowered it and called to the others, "Only a boy!"

Maurice advanced and looked at the group of men around the fire. "No uniforms," he thought. "They could not be soldiers; too rag-

ged to be farmers or hunters." He picked out one who had a pleasant face, and asked him for some breakfast, explaining that he had lost his father and that he was very hungry.

A lost boy was no novelty in those disordered times, and the man, who was a good-hearted fellow, grunted for answer, and, poking about in the ashes which had been raked from the fire, brought out three potatoes, which he tossed to Maurice, shaking his fingers with a muttered word about their heat. Maurice seated himself, having made him a little bow, and said he thanked him for his hospitality. This was a piece of good Aunt Dawson's training, and it had its effect. The man, staring, asked him his name. Maurice gave it, and, seeing the man had no more questions to put, in his turn requested to be

told who the party were.

"Marion's men," said the man. "Did n't you know that?"

Maurice was more excited than frightened by this news, and he decided not to tell his story until he knew more of his surroundings.

"Where is the—er—general?" said the boy. It stuck in his throat—little Englishman that he was—to call this "rebel outcast" a general; but Maurice was wise.

"Over there," said the ragged soldier.

Maurice rose, having finished his potatoes, thanked the man courteously, and started in the direction indicated. He had gone but a short distance when a little white dog leaped from the bushes, followed by a tall, freckle-faced boy, who cried, "Who are you?"

Maurice felt very grand because he had refrained from telling his story to the soldier; and he thought himself above this plainly dressed boy, so he answered, rudely enough:

"It's none of your business, boy!" for which ill-mannered act he had to pay dearly. The muscles of the stranger's lower jaw jerked as he set his teeth.

"I am an American soldier, dirty face," said he.

Maurice drew himself up, and forgot his prudence.

"I am the oldest son of Sir Lawrence Terraine, and with the army of Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, you are, are ye?" cried the young American. "Well, I 'll show ye what we 're going to do to every one of the British! Take off your coat."

Maurice began to draw it off at once.

"I don't know how to fight," he said; but there was not a trace of fear in his tone. He merely stated it as an interesting fact.

"Ah," said the American, with a grin, "I 'll teach ye"; and without another word, they fell to fighting. The plump little dog rose on his haunches, and watched them, with one ear up, and the other down, and his forehead wrinkled as if he were thinking deeply.

Maurice was a strong little fellow, and he did not fail to strike a number of good blows; but superior skill was against him, and before long he was quite at his enemy's mercy.

"You 'd better say 'down!'" said that worthy,

"Your nose is bleeding," said the young American, as he rose to his feet, and allowed Maurice to do the same; then, noting the slightly worried expression of his plucky adversary, he added kindly, "Oh, that 's nothing, unless you 've broken your nose. Let me see."

With perfect trust Maurice gave himself into the hands of his late enemy, who felt and moved the small nose with anxious thoroughness. At this moment a step close at hand startled them.

"Boys, boys! Have you been fighting?" said a deep voice; and, as the young American turned, with the quick word, "The general!" Maurice saw a short man in a worn continental uniform.

Though Francis Marion was small of stature, there was something in the fine, strong face, and quick bright eyes, which commanded respect, and Maurice bowed low.

"Jack Harwood," said the officer sternly,



"MAURICE, SPRINGING UP, PUT HIS FOOT PROUDLY UPON HIS ADVERSARY." (SEE PAGE 716.)

firmly holding him. "You can't help it, and I don't want to hurt you. You fought real well."

"Did I?" cried Maurice; and, in spite of his many bruises, he smiled joyously.

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"I am ashamed of you! I thought you considered yourself a soldier. If you were one, instead of a small and foolish boy, I should be severe with you. Because our camp is in the

wilds is no reason that it should lack discipline. Who is this little boy you have been abusing?"

"If you please, sir," said Maurice, bravely, "he hath not abused me. I am of the king's army, and it was a fair fight."

General Marion's eyes twinkled.

"Well, Jack," said he, "I 'm glad you are no bully; but no more fighting, boys." And he turned away. Maurice followed and touched his arm.

"General Marion, may I speak to you for a minute?"

"Well, what is it?"

Maurice told his name, and then related his story as clearly and as briefly as he could, and the general listened attentively.

"H—m," said he, "I hardly know what to do about this. It would not be safe for you to go wandering about in those dangerous regions, even if I could spare men to take care of you. I 'll do the best I can for you, my child. I 'm very sorry about your troubles. We will try to find out where your father's party has gone, first of all. Meanwhile, Jack will take care of you. Won't you, Jack?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the young American, heartily. And the general, with an approving nod, strode quickly away.

The boys now stood surveying each other, awkwardly; but the little dog broke the ice. He trotted up to Maurice, and snuffed about his legs, and, as the boy stooped to pat his pretty smooth head, he became immensely excited over nothing at all, wriggled, rolled, and bit softly at Maurice's hands, making a noise between a gurgle and a bark.

"What 's his name?" said Maurice.

"Barney," answered Jack; "that is, his real name is Benedict Arnold; but it was too long to call, and it became Benny Arnold, and then B. Arnold, and then plain Barney. It does not matter, though, if you never say it without remembering what it really is. He was named in honor of the great General Arnold, who won the battle of Stillwater."

"Pooh!" said Maurice, his conceit again rising, "I know more about your battles than that, Yankee Doodle. General Gates won the battle of Stillwater."

Jack laughed good-naturedly.

"You 're putting on airs because you don't know much," he said. "General Gates *did* have the honor, but my general did the fighting. He had been treated meanly by Congress, and he had no command; but he just spurred his horse ahead of our men, right in the midst of the shot and shell, and, waving his sword over his head, he cheered them on, one line and then another, till they won the day. Father says he 's not a good man: that he cares more for his own glory than he does for serving his country; but I think he 's splendid, and General Washington admires him."

Jack's boyish voice fell as he spoke that name, and his eyes shone. If Maurice had had any thoughts of speaking of the American chief as an "untutored savage," he wisely put them aside then and there.

"Can Barney do any tricks?" he said, looking at the dog, who sat with his pink tongue out, gazing at them from his great brown eyes.

"Yes," said Jack; and taking a stick he held it over his head. Barney became frantic at once; he danced about, barking furiously.

"Speak for it!" commanded Jack.

"I should think he *was* speaking—loud enough!" said Maurice, with a laugh.

"Yes, but not the right way.

"Ow—ow—ow," gurgled Barney.

"Good dog! Now beg."

Up went two little paws for an instant; then the jumping began again.

"Turn around," said his master; and the little dog turned and turned, trying to keep his bright eyes every minute on the prize. Then Jack threw it, and he leaped and as quickly returned; and after chewing it awhile laid it at the boys' feet, and wagged, not his tail alone, but at least half of his excited little body. They soon left off this amusement and started through the woods. At length they reached the hut where Jack then lived, and there they spent the day together. They found much to talk about, for Jack's home also was in St. Augustine.

The next day General Marion sent for Maurice, and told him that a recently captured Englishman had said to one of his men that Sir Lawrence Terraine had returned to St. Augustine. The poor boy felt greatly depressed at

this strange news; he had been certain that his father would try to find him, and would remain somewhere near.

"I don't understand, sir," said he, "but I am sure my father never went away without some reason. Anyway, now I know he's alive and well."

"This is not so bad as it looks, Maurice," said the kind-hearted general. "Jack's father, Captain Harwood, is going to St. Augustine to see about an exchange of prisoners, and to investigate the case of Mr. Christopher Gadsby, a noble patriot who has been seized by the British. He will look after all our other poor captive friends. There is an Indian here named Menawa, who has come from a friendly tribe, with a wampum and a speech, and he can guide you all back."

Maurice thanked General Marion, delighted at the prospect. And as he and Jack turned away he said: "Why don't you talk about General Marion, Jack? — I think he's fine!"

"Oh, yes, of course," was the careless answer; "but then we see him all the time, and he's nothing wonderful. And then, he's so strict. Now, General Washington —" and Jack launched into stories of the surprise at Trenton, when his hero had kept on his way through ice and snow with frightened and discouraged soldiers, and, when he was told that the muskets were wet and useless, had answered, "Then give them bayonets; the town must be carried!"

Maurice listened, much impressed, and then he answered with tales of British valor.

The little party began that long journey of nearly three hundred miles a few days later. Maurice was eager to start before, but the Indian sachem was not going to move until every ceremony which he thought proper had been performed.

However, Menawa was satisfied at last, and after saying farewell regretfully to kind General Marion, Maurice, Jack and his father, Menawa, and two or three hunters started for St. Augustine. What a wonderful journey that was to the little English boy! Daily they made their way through forests where the trunks of the tufted palms were overgrown with brilliant green mosses and pink lichens. At night they sometimes slept beneath the great trees, whose

snake-like roots fell from the branches, and made a sort of summer-house about them. The weird gray moss hung from every littlest twig and waved from the larger boughs in heavy masses, strange and ghostly in the moonlight. They passed down rivers where the water was so crystal clear that they could see the fish swimming by in schools, and now and then a great turtle steering a rapid course. Sometimes the branches, dripping with the moss, met over their heads, and often they saw on the banks big alligators looking like immense fallen tree trunks.

Late one afternoon they saw the roofs of St. Augustine gathered between the blue lines of water, and having said good-by to Menawa, they approached the two stone pillars of the gate.

Through that long journey the constant thought of Maurice was, "So much nearer my father; so many miles before I reach him." The boy did not speak of this even to Jack; but day after day he grew more eager, more restless, and when at last, after a day and a night that seemed unending, he saw the city before him, it seemed as if he could not remain quiet for a moment.

By the gate stood an English sentry to whom Captain Harwood stated his mission. The man was rude and stern, seized them, and called on three other soldiers to come to his assistance.

"I would have you remember," said Captain Harwood, "that I come on business from General Marion, and have credentials."

"Pshaw!" was the answer. "One of the wretched rebels that follow the 'Swamp Fox'. Take him up to the fort, men, and keep him close; the boys, too."

Maurice could wait no longer. With trembling lips he asked the man for Sir Lawrence Terraine. He knew of no such person. A sudden fear seized the boy, and he was silent.

In spite of protests they were walked through St. Augustine, down streets so narrow that the trees met across, past queer old Spanish houses, till the moat of the fort and its dark walls were before them. They passed under the gateway, through the damp stone passage, into the open sunlit square within. Here several officers came forward, and their captors gave their report. No attention was paid to anything the prisoners said, and they were

roughly bidden to hold their peace. Captain Harwood was led away, and then Maurice and Jack were pulled across the court, past the doorway of the tiny old chapel, to the opening of the next cell. Maurice knew the spot all too well. He knew that beyond this was another yet smaller one, which the Spaniards, when they held the town, had used for a torture chamber.

"Stop!" he screamed to the soldiers. "If you put us in there, it will choke us. I am the son of Sir Lawrence Terraine."

"There is no such person here," said the guard. "Be quiet. In you go, whether you like it or not."

Maurice became frantic. He threw himself suddenly on to his back, and spun around like a beetle, striking out with his feet. One of the soldiers jumped at him from each side. Another stood looking on; he was a very tall man. Maurice, before either of the soldiers could grab him, leaped up and ran under this man, seizing a leg in each arm. The attack was so sudden that the big soldier had no chance to defend himself. Down he went, and, striking the back of his head, lay still, blinking fast, while his small enemy, springing up, put his foot proudly upon the chest of his adversary. The soldiers around joined in a shout of applause; and Maurice took the chance to demand to see his father's friend, Captain Debrow. As it happened he was not far off, and Maurice fairly ran into his arms with delight. The captain stared with amazement.

"Maurice Terraine! We thought you were drowned in the Santee! Where have you come from?"

"My father! Where is he?"

"It is a long story, child. Tell me where on earth you have kept yourself?"

"Oh, no, no; not till you tell me about my father. Is he well?" Maurice was trembling and white.

"Yes, yes," said the captain, quickly, "well enough, but far from here. He is with Washington."

"What!" Maurice gaped with amazement.

"Yes. He hath left us. You see, child, your father became wroth at the way we treated the people in the country. He went to Ma-

jor Tarleton and then to Lord Cornwallis and told them what he thought, and they were annoyed, and did not satisfy him; so then he talked to Mr. Gadsby and to the other American prisoners, in order to learn their side of the question, he said. The end was that they convinced him that the American colonies had been treated unjustly, and he became so wrought up that he left us. The next thing we heard he had offered his sword to Washington, and was become Colonel Terraine of the Continental Army."

Gone again! The boy felt that there was something cutting at his heart—some keen steel that he could not stay. At last, he said, slowly:

"But why did not he try to find me?"

"Andrews was with you, and he said that just as he was shot he saw you fall into the river."

Captain Debrow then heard Maurice's story, and procured the release of his two friends, taking them all to his own house. He seemed unfeeling in regard to the sufferings of poor farmers; but the case of his friend's child was another matter.

At length it was decided to send Maurice on to New York, by water; and he was then to find General Washington, and to learn where his father was. He was, therefore, put in charge of the captain of a vessel, and not many days later Maurice stood on the wharf with Captain Debrow and Jack by his side, and Barney leaping about them.

"Time to come on board!" shouted the captain, from the deck of his vessel, which was just weighing anchor. Jack threw his arms around Maurice, and gave him a real bear's hug; then, suddenly, he grabbed up the wriggling Barney, and held him out to his friend.

"You'll be lonely. He's just as fond of you as he is of me."

Maurice hardly believed for a minute that Jack meant to give him the pretty dog; then he seized him quickly enough, and with bashful, but very sincere, thanks, he jumped on board, as the ship slowly veered round in the stream, caught the wind, and sailed away across the bright water, till Jack and Captain Debrow were only tiny dots of black.

Maurice was lonely, but Barney was a great

comfort; and as they neared New York the thought of his father drove away every other feeling. At that city he learned that the American chief was to be at Hartford in two days, to have an interview with his French friends, and would then go on to West Point. Maurice's friend, the captain of the vessel, started him on his way to this place, and on September 23 the small traveler stood upon the bluff above the beautiful Hudson River.

Maurice was informed that General Washington was there showing the works to General Lafayette, and his heart began to flutter and thump within him. Barney was sitting beside him, looking at his master with bright and loving eyes, his little black nose quivering.

"Barney," said the boy, "we're afraid, but we're not going to stop if we are."

And, picking up the dog, he took his way, through the rustling leaves that lay like heaps of gold, toward the house which one of the soldiers, from whom Maurice ventured to ask for directions, had pointed out to him.

"Yes, General Washington is there and alone," he was told.

Could he see him?

"Sure, no, ye little bye," said the Irish sentry. "It 's wore out the poor gintleman is, already, and it 's mesilf would n't bother with all thim jabbering Frinchmen!"

Maurice was desperate.

"Oh, please!" he said. "Beg, Barney; you beg, too."

The little dog sat up at once with drooping paws.

"Sure, me own name's Barney. And is your dog's name O'Reilly, too?" said the sentry.

"Oh, if he is your name-sake," exclaimed Maurice, "you *must* let him in! Oh, see, you can hold him while I go in!" Maurice thought no one could resist such an offer.

"I 'll see," said the soldier, and he stepped within, and returning said, "Go on."

Maurice yielded up Barney and stepped into the hall, went along it, and paused just inside an open door. He was trembling. A voice said: "What is your errand?" — a voice even, grave, and rather severe.

Maurice raised his eyes. Just before the fireplace stood the great commander; to the boy's excited thought he seemed even larger than he was. Washington's hands were behind his back, his handsome head bent a little forward.



"BEFORE THE FIREPLACE STOOD THE GREAT COMMANDER."

"What is your errand, my lad?" said he again, with a note of command in the tone.

"Oh, my father—my father!" he said. "I have been lost from him so very long!"

Something in the thrilling child's voice, something in the piteous and forlorn expression of his face went straight to the warm heart that the general carried beneath his calm exterior. He crossed the room in quick strides, and laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said kindly:

"My poor child!"

This was too much. Maurice had borne bravely the long strain of waiting, the repeated disappointments, but the unexpected sympathy broke down his self-possession. He put his head in the crook of his arm and sobs came fast, sobs that shook him from head to foot. The general drew him aside, sat down in an armchair, and taking the little hanging hand in both his own, said: "There, there, stop crying, and tell me all about it."

Maurice choked down his sobs and told his story. At his father's name the general rose quickly.

"Colonel Terraine's son! Why, then, your father was here a short time ago—he may be upstairs now!"

Maurice forgot even the great chief and sprang for the door. But Washington caught him by the arm.

"My dear boy—he does not know—I will go."

Maurice stood still in the center of the room, and pressed his hands hard together. The general went out, and upstairs; it seemed to Maurice that he stepped very slowly.

Colonel Terraine sat in an upstairs room writing; he laid down his pen and rose as the general entered.

"Colonel," said Washington, "I have some wonderful news for you." He paused; the officer took a step forward and opened his lips, but did not speak.

"Come downstairs with me," continued the general slowly, "and remember as you go that passage in the Scriptures, 'But the father said, Let us be merry, for this my son'"—Colonel Terraine caught the back of a chair—"for this my son—" went on the sweet grave voice,

"was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is—found."

Colonel Terraine stood an instant with wide, questioning eyes; then he rushed through the doorway and down the stairs. The general followed him quickly. There was a loud cry as the colonel entered the room and Maurice sprang into his father's arms. General Washington closed the door and stood guard over it himself. Barney, having escaped from the soldier, tore in, and the general stooped from his great height to pat the little dog. If Barney had been a man he would have seen that there were tears in the bright blue eyes.

The only time that Maurice saw the great chief again, for many years, was at Fishkill the next day. Maurice was with his father, and the general passed with a number of officers, all walking very rapidly. Washington's face was set and gray, but his eyes were restless, fierce, and burning; a like expression of pain and of anger was on the faces of his companions. Two gentlemen, passing, spoke to each other, and Maurice overheard them.

"General Washington loved him," said one.

"Ay," answered the other, "but if he catches the traitor—" and the sentence ended with a meaning look.

Colonel Terraine crossed the street and spoke to one of the officers, and when he returned his own face was white and drawn.

"Father! what is it?" cried the boy.

"My son, I cannot explain it now. General Arnold is a traitor! He has tried to sell his country to the enemy. Thank heaven he has not succeeded!"

Colonel Terraine took Maurice to Boston in order to leave him with friends until the close of the war. There he remained for just one year, and on that great and glorious day when peace was proclaimed, when men embraced in the streets for very joy, when the name of Washington, joined with blessings, was on every lip, Maurice and his father stood on the deck of a vessel bound for St. Augustine. Maurice was very happy, and was full of thoughts of seeing Jack again, but for some minutes he had seemed troubled. At length the shadows broke away, and he caught his father's hand, crying:

"May I tell you something, sir? It has troubled me a long time."

"Well, Maurice?"

"It 's about Barney. Look at him."

The little dog sat near them, his head on one side, his forehead wrinkled, his bright eyes watching every motion of his master.

will be named in honor of Barney O'Reilly, the general's man. And you know"—very earnestly—"Jack himself said that it did not matter what you called him, if you never did it without remembering just what the name really meant."

So this last trouble was disposed of, and



"MAURICE SPRANG INTO HIS FATHER'S ARMS."

"Does n't he look as if he understood every word? I cannot have him named after Benedict Arnold—he 's such a faithful little dog! But I knew he 'd be so confused if I called him anything else. Now, I 've found the best plan: I 'll call him 'Barney,' just the same, but he

Barney stopped wrinkling his forehead, and jumped at Maurice with a joyous bark, quite as if he understood that he no longer bore the name of a traitor, but was to be called Barney in honor of Barney O'Reilly the loyal servant of the great Washington.

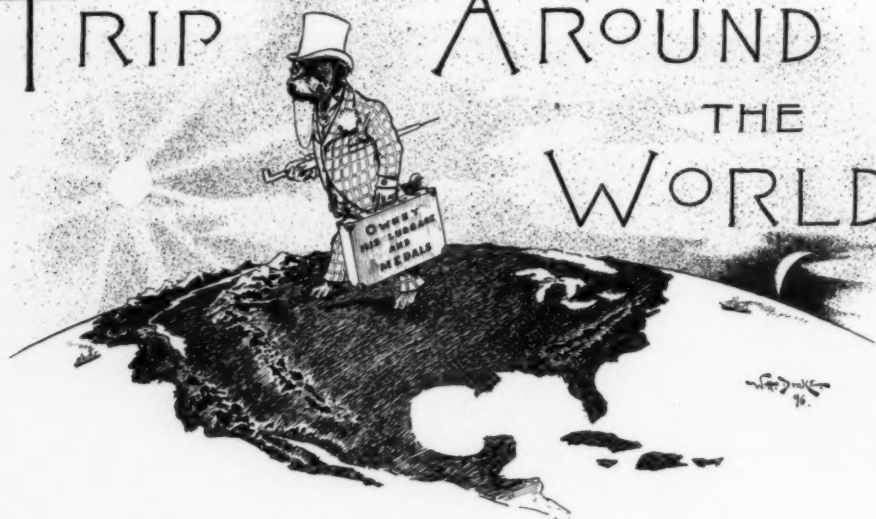
THE CROWNING FEATURE.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

BEFORE the Fourth our father said
That we had been good boys,
And so he bought a lot of things
All full of fire and noise.

Among them was a gorgeous one
We did n't know about;
So at the last we lighted it:
It sputtered and—went out.

OWNEY'S TRIP AROUND THE WORLD



BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

READERS of ST. NICHOLAS need no introduction to "Owney," as the magazine has printed several articles about the clever and popular post office dog.* You remember that Owney has traveled over almost every postal route in North America, and that tags and medals, collected from his friends along the way, amounting to a bushel or more, are kept in the Post Office Department at Washington.

In 1895 he visited Postmaster A. B. Case, of Tacoma, Washington, having just returned from a trip to Alaska, and one day it happened that Owney rode down to the wharf of the Asiatic steamer, when the great vessel was taking her cargo.

Owney was evidently much impressed with her size and beauty, and so plainly expressed a desire to go aboard that it was determined to send him on a flying trip around the world, and to let him break the record if possible. So, some

few days later, on August 19, 1895, his friends said farewell to Owney, as he walked up the gangway of the good ship "Victoria" of the N. P. S. S. Co., and was welcomed by Captain Panton, whose guest he was to be. Owney had his credentials in a traveling-bag, and he carried also his blanket, brush, and comb, his medal-harness for full dress, and letters of introduction to the postal authorities of the world. As the steamer backed out from the dock, hundreds of people waved their hands, and wished Owney a safe and prosperous voyage; and so the trip began.

Owney was soon the pet of the crew, and after an uneventful voyage he arrived at Yokohama on October 3. Here his baggage was examined, with no little curiosity, by the officials, as no dignitary had before entered Japan who owned so many decorations that he was obliged to carry them about with him in a bag!

* See the numbers for March, 1894, and for December, 1895.

It was concluded that Owney must be either a dog of very high rank, or the property of a distinguished person; and an account of him was promptly forwarded for the information of his Imperial Majesty, the Mikado.

A few days later an official waited upon Owney, and presented him with a passport bearing the seal of the Mikado. It was addressed to the American dog-traveler, and in very flowery language extended to him the freedom of the interior country. There were some stipulations which, in all probability, Owney would have agreed to had he made the trip. Some were as follows: "The bearer is expressly cautioned to observe in every particular the directions of the Japanese government printed in Japanese characters on the back of the passport, an English translation of which is given herewith; and he is expected and required to conduct himself in an orderly and conciliatory manner toward the Japanese authorities and people." The passport also forbade him to "attend a fire on horseback," warned him not to write "on temples, shrines, or walls," and politely requested him not to "drive too fast on narrow roads."

There was no time for side trips, and, after meeting many officials, Owney sailed from Yokohama, arriving at Kobi on October 9, where he received medals and a new passport from the emperor. He was at Maji, October 19, Shanghai, October

26, and Foochow, October 31, where also he received more medals and was the subject of an ovation. His fame had preceded him, and at the latter port he received an invitation to visit the U. S. S. "Detroit," which was lying in the harbor. One day the marine at the gangway of this fine man-of-war was astonished to see a bemedaled shaggy dog come



OWNEY'S VISIT TO THE CRUISER "DETROIT." "THE MARINE WAS ASTONISHED TO SEE A BEMEDALED SHAGGY DOG COME UP THE LADDER."

up the ladder, wagging his tail and showing all the delight that a patriotic American should at the sight in foreign lands of the Stars and

Stripes. The marine almost laughed as Owney stepped aboard and ran up to the officer of the deck as though he had known him all his life.

Owney dined in the mess-room, ate plum-duff and lobsouse before the mast, and—I could not begin to tell you of all the good things he enjoyed. When he reached Tacoma again he weighed several pounds more than when he started, and I am confident that his trip with the Boys in Blue on the cruiser Detroit had something to do with it. When he bade his countrymen farewell, he was decorated with the ship's ribbon, and he received a letter of introduction to other officers of the Asiatic squadron from Lieutenant-Commander E. Floyd of the Detroit.

From Foochow the dog sailed to Hong-Kong, where he was unfortunately delayed and prevented from making a speed record around the world. He visited the consulate, made a round of visits to the rich tea and silk merchants, and received many curious pieces of Chinese money, which were strung to his collar. From the emperor of China, Owney received a passport bearing the royal crest and dragon, permitting him to travel in the country. But Owney did not go beyond the city, and so much red tape was employed on his departure by the Peninsular and Oriental steamer that Captain Panton of the Victoria finally decided to take the dog-traveler back to Kobi, Japan, from which port he finally sailed to



"FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, OWNEY RECEIVED A PASSPORT."

New York as the guest of Captain Grant, of the steamer "Port Phillip."

Owney soon knew all on board, and, as on the Victoria, was a member of both starboard and port watches, and dined in the cabin and before the mast with equal satisfaction.

At Singapore, Owney went ashore with an officer, to the wonderment of the natives, who, noting his decorations, concluded that he was a personage of high rank. Some of the native dogs, it is said, looked upon him with distrust, and more than once they rushed out from narrow alleys and pounced upon the Yankee dog; but it is not on record that Owney was ever defeated. On November 30, Owney sailed from



OWNEY ON THE MAIL-BAGS. FIRST DAY OUT.

Port Said, where he put to flight more native dogs, and on the trip through the Suez Canal he attracted no little attention from the various vessels and from postal authorities. Many of the clerks gave Owney some memento.

Finally Algiers was reached, and the quaint

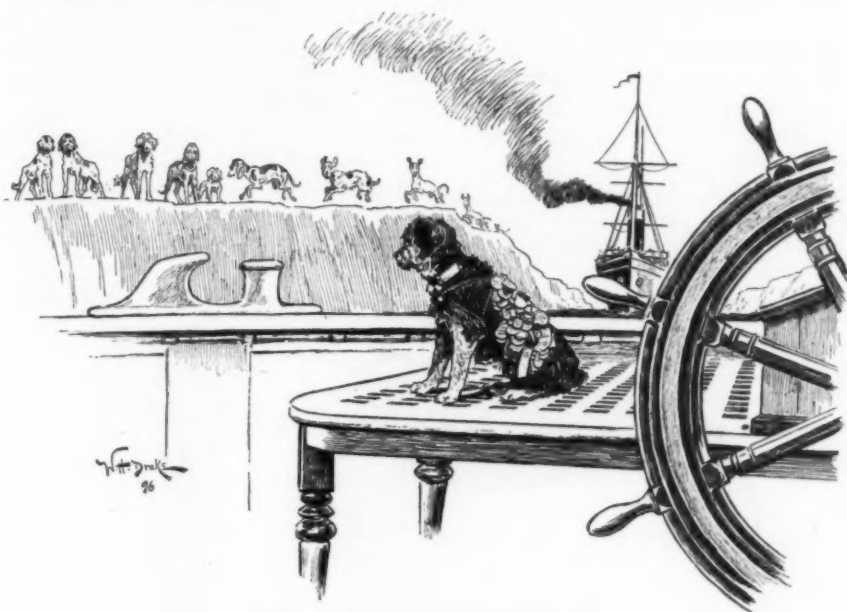
to the American people. On December 13 Owney reached St. Michaels, the beautiful port of the Azores, spending a few hours there.

The trip from the Azores across the Atlantic was a rough one; but there was no evidence to



SECOND DAY OUT.

show that Owney did not thrive in all kinds of weather. Finally the lookout of the Port Phillip



OWNEY VIEWING SOME NATIVES OF THE ORIENT.

shipping-port visited, where Turks, Nubians, and others looked upon Owney with amazement. They handled his decorations, and some, though perhaps they did not understand just why, fastened to his collar medals which were thus sent

sighted land, and a few hours later Owney's baggage was being examined by the custom-house officers, who had never seen so strange an assortment of trophies. But, having looked at his credentials, they decided that the collec-

tion of medals and tags, though representing a large amount of metal, was personal baggage, and so passed it.

Like all distinguished persons, Owney was

take the dog to the post-office, and start him on his journey westward at once.

As may be expected, this announcement created no little interest among the young people at Tacoma, and Owney was the hero of the hour.

Owney arrived in New York December 23, at noon. He was taken immediately to the post-office, and after a short reception by his many friends, started again by the New York Central for Tacoma, which he reached five days later, having completed the circuit of the globe in 132 days—a rapid rate of traveling for a dog who attracted so much attention. Owney was visited by hundreds, young and old, and so universal was the demand to see him that Post-



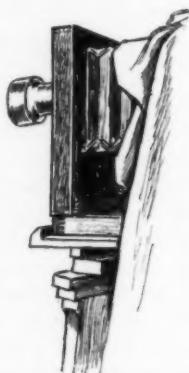
READY FOR THE JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

met by the reporters and "interviewed," and from the bag of decorations and letters his story was probably obtained, and the news of his arrival telegraphed to Tacoma papers as follows:

Owney, the postal-clerks' dog, has arrived at quarantine from China, having completed the circuit of the globe. The steamer will dock to-day, and Captain Grant will

master Case placed him on exhibition in a public hall, and people, for miles around, made his acquaintance.

At the end of his trip Owney had over two hundred tags, medals, and certificates to add to his collection, and he is to-day, in all probability, the best-known and the most universally popular dog in the world.



DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ELMER CHICKERING.

"OWNEY WAS PHOTOGRAPHED."

My Absent-Minded Man

BY CAROLINE F. NEEDHAM.

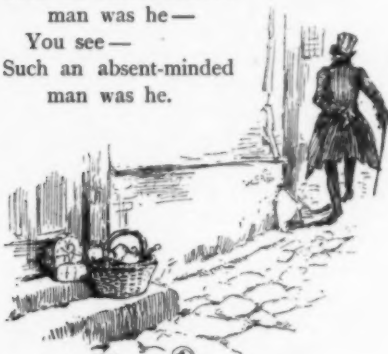


I WILL tell you while I can
Of an absent-minded man,
And an absent-minded man was he
Who forgot an unkind word
Just as soon as it was heard,
Such an absent-minded man was he.

In political debate,
Now, I can most truly state,
Such an absent-minded man was he,
His opponent on the street
With a hand-shake he would greet,
Such an absent-minded man was he.

Once he left a goodly store
At a poor old widow's door,
Such an absent-minded man was he;
And, although 't was all the same,
Quite forgot to leave his name,
Such an absent-minded
man was he—

You see—
Such an absent-minded
man was he.



WHY CHERRIES GROW.

"WHY do cherries grow?"
Said I, "Robin red,
Chirring overhead
In the gleam and glow,—
Why do cherries grow?"

Paused he perkishly
While he plucked at one
Flushing in the sun;
Then said he, said he,
"Cherries grow for me!"

SINDBAD, SMITH & CO.

BY ALBERT STEARNS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER XIII.

SINDBAD'S TWENTIETH VOYAGE—CONTINUED.

SINDBAD paused to light a cigar.

"I hope I don't bore you," he said. "It was all I could do to keep Hindbad awake during the recital of most of my voyages."

"I could listen to you all night," replied Tom. "*Please go on.*"

"You are a lad of taste and discrimination," said Sindbad, with a smile. "I will, then, continue my narrative."

"The storm I had foreseen burst almost as soon as the giant started; but he did not seem to mind it in the least. At each thunder-clap he laughed loud and long; once, I feel sure, he was struck by lightning, but he was too tough to be affected by a trifle like that."

"I climbed up to the top of the pocket again and looked out. A few of the sailors were clinging to the giant's garments; but one by one they were swept away by the waves. Presently I felt something touch my elbow. Turning, I found that the captain had ascended, and taken his place beside me."

"'Rough night, is n't it?' he said."

"I turned my back upon him without replying."

"'You are n't mad, I hope,' he went on. 'Don't you see that I have, from the very first, been working in your interests?'"

"'Well, I confess I did n't suspect it,' I answered, in my most sarcastic tone."

"'I am indeed surprised,' said the captain. 'Why, I had you thrown overboard on purpose to save your life; I saw that the giant was going to destroy the ship, and I determined that I would do the little that lay in my power in your behalf.'"

"'Indeed?' I said, with a sneer which I

made no attempt to conceal. 'And I suppose it was with the same laudable desire to serve me that you informed the giant of my presence in this pocket?'"

"'Why, of course it was,' answered the audacious captain; 'I thought you understood *that*. I knew he'd find you sooner or later, and I resolved that I would go with you, and share your dangers and protect you.'"

"He made this statement with such a plausible air that I confess I was for a moment staggered."

"'But why did you manifest so much excitement when you learned that I was Sindbad?' I asked."

"The captain laughed heartily."

"'Why, could n't you see through *that*, my boy?' he said, clapping me on the back with one hand while he clung to the edge of the giant's pocket with the other. 'Well, that's a good joke on you! Why, I knew you all the time; what I said was intended only for the ears of the sailors—you know how ignorant and superstitious sailors are. *Now* you understand the situation, don't you?'"

"At this moment a careless swing of the giant's arm knocked us both, heels over head, back into the pocket. When I had regained my breath I said:

"'I *do* understand the situation perfectly. We have been thrown together by circumstances and a giant, and we must therefore make the best of it.'"

"'That's the idea precisely,' said the captain. 'I'm glad you follow me with such exactness. You stand by me and I'll stand by you.'"

"'I'll stand by you if I can't find anywhere else to stand,' I said."

"The captain seemed to feel hurt."

"'You don't appear to have any confidence in me,' he said in an injured tone."

"I have n't any," I replied. "You fight your own battles, and I'll fight mine."

"In plain words, you don't want to have anything to do with me?"

"That 's it exactly."

"All right," said the captain; "a// right. The giant has a grudge against you, but he has n't against me, and we'll see who comes out ahead. I've nothing more to say."

"For the next half hour we were both silent; at the end of that time the sound of loud voices and of music aroused me from the gloomy reverie into which I had fallen. I hastily climbed up to the top of the pocket again, and saw that the giant was within a few rods of a large city, every building in which seemed to reach to the clouds.

"The storm had now subsided, and the full moon, which hung directly over our heads, made the scene as light as day. The immensity of the edifices I beheld fairly appalled me. Why, the largest mosque in Bagdad would have looked like a toy-house beside them."

"Why, maybe it was Brobdingnag!" exclaimed Tom, for he knew much of "Gulliver's Travels" by heart.

"It was nothing of the sort," replied Sindbad.

"I wish you would n't keep interrupting me. Brobdingnag was an imaginary city, but this was a real one. Now listen, and be quiet. The giant waded out of the water, and walked up one of the streets at a very rapid rate—about a mile a minute, I

should think. He presently entered one of the houses, and stepped into a well-lighted room, where was seated another giant almost as large as himself.

"Back, are you?" said Monster Number Two. "Have you had any luck?"

"I should say I had!" replied my captor. "Whom do you think I have in my pocket?"

"I give it up," said the other giant.

"Well, it 's Sindbad."

"Number Two sprang to his feet so suddenly that the house shook.

"You don't mean the wretch that put out our grandfather's eye?" he yelled, in an awful voice.

"That 's just what I *do* mean!" replied Number One, exultantly.

"Let 's see him."



"BOTH THE GIANTS LAUGHED HEARTILY AS THEY STARED AT US." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"The giant drew me from his pocket, and held me uncomfortably near one of the torches with which the room was illuminated.

"Well, what do you think of him?" said the monster whose prisoner I was, with a sneer.

"He 's not much to look at," replied Num-

ber Two, with an air of cold contempt that made my blood boil. 'The idea of grandpa allowing a little creature like that to put his eye out!'

"'You must remember,' said Number One, 'that the old gentleman was asleep at the time, and that there were ten or a dozen other little ruffians with this one. By the way, that reminds me that I have another of them in my pocket.'

"And he hauled the captain out and placed him on the table beside me.

"Both the giants laughed heartily as they stared at us; and, to tell the truth, I suppose we did present a rather ludicrous appearance in their eyes, for we were drenched to the skin, and shivering from head to foot with cold and fear.

"'Well, what are you going to do with them?' asked Number Two. 'We can't have them running round Xyz' (that, I should inform you, was the name of the giants' country).

"Here the captain had to put in his oar.

"'You promised me—' he piped.

"'I promised that I'd take you home with me, that's all,' interrupted the giant. 'I did not say what I'd do with you after I got you here. And I'm too tired to settle that question to-night. Let's get to bed, brother, and dispose finally of these vermin in the morning.'

"'That'll suit me,' replied Number Two, rising from his chair with a yawn, the immensity of which terrified me. Where shall we leave these creatures?'

"'Right here,' replied the other. 'I'll show you what to do with them.'

"He stepped to an immense buffet, and took therefrom two large basins, which he brought to the table, saying:

"'We'll put Sindbad under one of these and his companion under the other, then we'll know just where to find them in the morning.'

"'That's a good idea,' replied Number Two. 'But they look so much alike that you'd better mark the basins so that we shall know which is which in the morning.'

"The captain and I did look somewhat alike, and our garments were almost identical.

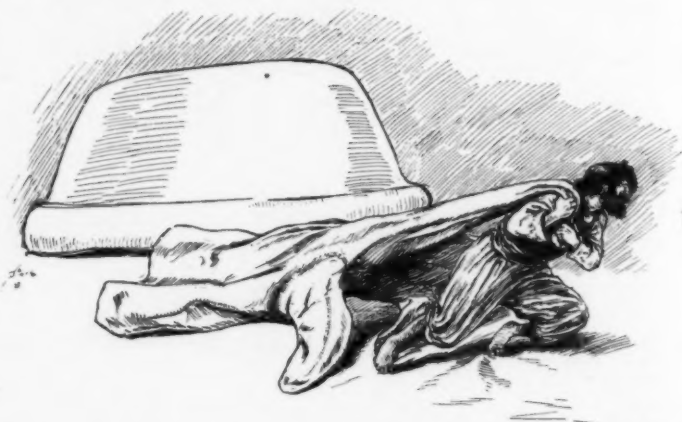
"'You have a great head,' said Number One—which was the truth. 'I'll lay my glove before the basin under which we place Sindbad, then we can make no mistake. We'll settle him in the morning.'

"'Suppose some one should move the glove in the night,' said the captain in a tremulous tone. 'Really, gentlemen, if I might be permitted to offer a suggestion—'

"'Well, you might n't,' said Number One gruffly; 'we've no time to bandy words with you. Come along, now.'

"Seizing the unlucky mariner by the waist, he placed him in the center of the table and put the basin over him; in another moment I was under the second inverted basin.

"'Pleasant dreams, gentlemen,' remarked Number one, sarcastically. 'We shall see you in the morning—possibly sooner, if we happen to have a restless night, or should feel the need of amusement.'



"'IT WAS NO CHILD'S PLAY TO MOVE THE GLOVE THE NECESSARY DISTANCE.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Then the giants both thundered out of the room and locked the door.

"Of course I was a good deal agitated, but my discomposure was as nothing compared with that of the captain. I could hear him rending

his garments and lamenting his hard fate; after a while he began reciting verses from the Koran. But presently his voice grew fainter, and I knew he had succumbed to exhaustion and was asleep.

"While he was engaged in making all this useless noise I was thinking up a means of escape. The basin under which I was imprisoned was slightly warped, and on one side it did not touch the table; I was sure that I could crawl through the opening between the rim of the dish and the surface of the table. When all was quiet I made the attempt, and had little difficulty in accomplishing my purpose.

"With wildly beating heart I stood on the edge of the table and gazed about me. The room was still illuminated by half-a-dozen torches, which had been carelessly thrust into the clay of which the floor was composed. That *was* a room, I can tell you! Why, you could have put the New York City-Hall in one corner, and you'd hardly have seen it."

Tom happened to cough slightly at that moment, at which Sindbad interrupted his story to ask suspiciously:

"Eh? what 's that?"

"I only coughed," said the junior partner.

"I heard you," replied Sindbad; "but there are coughs and coughs. I don't suppose you meant anything in particular by that cough—now did you?"

"Oh, no, sir; please go on with your story," said Tom earnestly. "Let 's see! where were you?"

"I was on the table," answered the explorer. "Well, I'll continue, but please try not to cough again—it was a habit of Hindbad's, and I don't like it."

CHAPTER XIV.

SINDBAD'S TWENTIETH VOYAGE—CONCLUDED.

TOM promised that he would not cough if he could possibly help it, and Sindbad continued his story.

"As I was saying, it was quite a large room; but I did not waste much time in staring about me; my attention was directed to the immense glove which the giant had placed before my improvised prison.

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"I never saw such a glove; I don't like to tell you how large it was, for fear you won't believe me. It seemed to be made of dog-skin; but, if it was, the dog must have been as large as a house, and possessed of a hide as thick as the walls of a fortress.

"As I gazed upon it my heart sank; I began to think that I should be unable to accomplish my purpose."

"I suppose," broke in Tom, "you meant to move the glove over in front of the other basin?"

"Exactly," said Sindbad; "but at first sight the task seemed impossible. However, I determined to make the attempt; I did so, and found to my inexpressible relief that the glove was not nearly so heavy as it looked. The skin of which it was composed was soft and spongy, and its weight was by no means what one would have supposed from its bulk.

"Still, it was no child's play to move it the necessary distance, and I pushed, and pulled, and tugged and strained for fully an hour before the task was accomplished.

"But it *was* accomplished at last, and I sank down upon the table, panting and perspiring from my exertions, but smilingly triumphant at the thought that I had outwitted the villainous captain. In the morning he, not I, would be 'settled,' as the giant had tartly put it."

"I should think," interrupted Tom, "that you would have been afraid that the giant would remember which basin he put the glove in front of."

"I had not the slightest apprehension on *that* score," said Sindbad. "You cannot have read much about giants if you don't know that they are the stupidest creatures on earth. All I feared was that he would forget all about his reason for leaving the glove there."

"He *might* have forgotten why he inverted the bowls at all," suggested Tom.

"Possibly, but I did n't like to take any chances on that," replied Sindbad; "and, as it turned out, it was well that I did n't.

"But, to go on with my story: after I had moved the glove I began to look out for a means of escape. I slid down one of the legs of the table and walked about the room more

than an hour, trying to find some way of exit. The conviction was at last forced upon me, however, that it was impossible to get out until the door was opened, and that I might as well make myself comfortable for the night.

"So I curled up on the floor near one of the torches, which had burned low and was sending out a genial warmth, and fell asleep."

"I don't see how you *could* sleep under such circumstances," said Tom.

"Oh, of course you don't!" replied Sindbad with an air of immensely superior wisdom; "but you must remember that you have only been exploring a few hours, and are a good many years younger than I am. I can sleep under almost anything except Mrs. Pettibone's so-called 'comfortables.' But to resume once more: I was awakened by the sound of the giant's key in the lock; I sprang up and concealed myself behind one of the legs of the table—there was really no other hiding-place.

"The two giants entered together, evidently much refreshed by their sleep.

"Now, then, my fine fellows," said Number One,—to this day I do not know his name,—'what sort of a night have you had?'

"As he spoke he lifted both the basins; the next moment he uttered a cry of rage.

"The captain has escaped!" he yelled.

"Never mind," said his brother, 'Sindbad is here, and we'll find the other easily enough.'

"At this the captain, who had been staring about in stupid bewilderment, found his voice.

"Why, my dear sirs," he cried, 'I am not Sindbad. This is really a good joke on you.'

"And he tried to laugh, but it was a very feeble attempt, and did more harm than good.

"Very funny, is n't it?" said Giant Number One, squeezing him so hard that he howled aloud. 'Don't try any of those tricks on us. Why, I'd know you as Sindbad a mile off—would n't you, brother?'

"Of course," said the other giant.

"Why, gentlemen," interposed the captain, 'This is a ridiculous mistake!'

"Do you dare insinuate," cried Giant Number One, 'that my brother or I could possibly do anything ridiculous?'

"No, indeed," quavered the captain, 'it's a peculiar state of affairs—that's all. But I have

letters in my pocket which will prove my identity, and if you will kindly look at them—'

"Well, we *won't* kindly look at them," interrupted Number Two. 'Very likely you stole them from the captain during the night. Anyhow, my brother and I have n't had breakfast yet, and so we're in a hurry. Oh, don't look alarmed, we're not cannibals, and we have n't the slightest intention of eating you. Times have changed since the days of our grandfather.'

"Don't spend all the morning talking," interrupted Number One impatiently. 'The broiled rhinoceros must be done to a turn now, and you know it is n't fit to eat if it stands too long. Our idea, Sindbad'—addressing the captain—'is to serve you exactly as you served our grandfather.'

"The captain howled with terror, but the giants paid no attention to him. I won't harrow up your feelings by giving you the details; suffice it to say that they carried out their threat.

"Then Giant Number One took an immense sling from his pocket—just such an one as you boys use nowadays—placed the captain in the strap; and, standing in the open doorway, gave him a send—*such* a send! Peering from behind the leg of the table, I saw him tearing through the air at a mile a minute; in a very short time he had disappeared.

"That's the last of *him*," said Number One. 'Now let's go to breakfast.'

"But," said Number Two, 'had n't we better look for the captain?'

"Oh, bother the captain!" snarled his brother. 'Do you want that rhinoceros to be stone-cold? Come along!'

"They took their leave, closing the door.

"Then I began to try to devise a way of escape. After a long and careful investigation I became convinced that my only chance lay in climbing up to a crevice in the logs of the house, about twenty feet above my head, crawling out, and climbing down on the other side.

"I began the ascent, and almost reached the spot at which I had hoped to make my exit when I lost my hold, fell, and was stunned. When I recovered my senses I was once more between the thumb and forefinger of Giant Number One.

"Why, it's the little captain!" he ex-

claimed, addressing his brother, who stood in the doorway. 'I thought we'd run across him before long. Well, my little fellow, what do you think we ought to do with you?'

"Gentlemen," I said boldly, 'your reputation for courtesy and forbearance, and the sense of justice which adorns your natures—'

"Hold on!" interrupted Number One, 'it seems to me I recognize that voice! Why, it's Sindbad's, and this is Sindbad himself! Brother, we've punished the wrong man.'

"It was all your fault," growled Number Two, evidently sleepy after his breakfast.

"My dear sir," I said, trying to disguise my voice, 'how can you make such a mistake? I look no more like Sindbad than you do.'

Giant Number One was evidently shaken in his conviction as to my identity.

"This is a queer business," he said, to his brother. 'What do you think I'd better do?'

"Oh, don't bother me," said Number Two, 'I want to go to sleep.'

"I'll take the law into my own hands then," said Number One. Then he looked at me with an expression so fierce that I could not help trembling, and said: 'I don't know whether you're Sindbad or not, but I believe you are; and anyhow, you're just as bad,' he said, 'for you've been guilty of treachery to a friend. You betrayed Sindbad, hoping to escape at his expense, and I'll punish you for that. Your punishment shall be the same as his.'

"Well, partner, if I were *writing* this story of my voyage I should insert a long line of stars; as I'm not, you must imagine them.

"The giant put out my eyes, placed me in the sling, and gave *me* a whirl, and off I went.

"Never, in all my long and varied experience, had I traveled so fast, not even when I was tied to the roc's leg. I abandoned hope, and believed that my career was at an end.

"But suddenly my speed greatly decreased. I felt as if I were being borne along and supported by some protecting power, a feeling of tranquillity for which I could not account took possession of me, all my fears departed, and I said to myself:

"Sindbad, old man, your luck has n't deserted you yet!"

"Well, after being wafted along for a time like thistledown in a breeze I began to descend. In a few minutes I reached solid ground, being deposited with the utmost gentleness.

"Reaching about in all directions, as a blind man will, I cried aloud:

"To what country have I been brought? Am I among friends or enemies?'

"A soft hand took mine, and a gentle voice said:

"You are in the midst of friends, Sindbad, who esteem it an honor to entertain an explorer of your world-wide reputation.'

"She—for the speaker was a lady—said a good many other complimentary things which my modesty will not allow me to repeat; she was really very flattering.

"Well, to make a long story short, she told me that I was in a certain province of Fairyland which had for some time been at war with the nation of giants by which I had been taken prisoner. One of the fairies had seen me propelled from the sling, and had taken pity on me, as I have related.

"You need not worry about the loss of your eyes," said the fairy queen—I had been brought before the ruler of the province—"for I can give you a better pair."

"In a few minutes I had been furnished with a brand-new pair of eyes really better than the old ones.

"I won't take time to describe to you the glories of the wonderful land in which I remained an honored guest for several days; but soon, having been furnished with a vessel and crew, I set sail for home.

"Of course, during the voyage we picked up all the bales of merchandise with which I had embarked from Balsora; as usual, they had been floating about, waiting for my return trip. I sold all the stuff at immense profit, and in due time reached the city of Bagdad, wealthier than ever."

"And what became of the captain?" asked Tom.

"Really, I never took the trouble to inquire," replied Sindbad.

"Well," said a hoarse voice behind them, "that's what I call a first-rate story."

(To be continued.)



BY PAULINE WESLEY.

EVERY Monday, if the day had been a good drying one, Mrs. Caleb Winters sprinkled her freshly laundered clothes, and rolled them into little bundles for the night. She was generally tired at such times, so she drew her mouth into an ominous pucker, and spread out each piece of apparel upon the kitchen table with a vicious thump, before she gave it a cold shower-bath.

In honor of these tasks, Mrs. Caleb Winters always wore a brown and white checked dress, which was so accustomed to shrinking that it seemed to grow a little shorter each week.

Toby Hinkle—Mrs. Winters's nephew—often secretly regretted that the town meeting, which was "called" once in two months, invariably occurred on a Monday evening; for he hated to be left alone with his Aunt Abiah when she was sprinkling clothes.

Sometimes the woman never spoke at all on "washing day" evening. But she opened her mouth one Monday night in a certain month of March, and made a remark to Toby. "It beats all," she said, querulously, "how your father and your uncle Caleb hang around that town-meeting! They always say it has n't amounted to anything; and nobody else goes as often as they do; but those two men—my! they'd rather starve than leave that hall before the last gun's fired."

Toby Hinkle sat in a broad stuffed chair that had been wheeled to a corner of the kitchen. It was Toby's especial chair. He always sat in it, because he never walked or ran as other boys do. When he went upstairs somebody carried him; when he came down to breakfast he was either mounted in state on a pair of broad shoulders, or borne along in a sort of sedan chair—made by four crossed hands—like a distinguished nobleman of Japan.

His blue eyes were large, and always looked very wise; and he had a round, bright, little

face, topped with tow-colored hair. Just now the blue eyes lighted.

"Do they fire guns at the town-meeting, Aunt Abiah?" he asked.

"Oh, mercy, no, child! Some of 'em never saw a gun, most likely. Don't catch me up on every word I say," she added, sharply.

Toby discreetly withdrew into himself, and presently turned for solace to a book in which he frequently read about the camp at Valley Forge, and which was tucked conveniently beneath the chair cushions. He was not much depressed, for he knew that his aunt Abiah would be quite sweet-tempered by Tuesday evening, and he looked forward to the baking at the end of the week, which was always rather pleasant.

When Lemuel Hinkle and his brother-in-law returned home late in the evening, they tilted their chairs against the kitchen wall and chatted about the town meeting; and, as Mrs. Winters had finished her labors, she seated herself and unbent a little. "Did it amount to anything?" she asked grimly.

"Well, no; it did n't," her husband reluctantly admitted. "'T was 'bout gettin' up a Fourth o' July celebration, an' there seemed to be a good deal of opposition, one way an' another. Job Pepper wanted to get a brass band over from Denham, an' have some fireworks on the green. But Deacon Bunce, he got up an' proposed for 'em to buy a new flag for the liberty-pole, 'cause the old one 's a disgrace to the town, an' that dished the whole business. Everybody was scairt to pieces about expense, an' you 'd 'a' thought, to hear 'em talk, that Swamp Corner would be blown to atoms if a single rocket went up at the town's expense."

"Poverty 's stronger than patriotism in Swamp Corner," Toby's father remarked.

"Oh, they think since they put a furnace into the town-hall, an' painted the fence round the green, that they 're a lot of martyrs."

Toby Hinkle had put away his book and was listening eagerly.

"Well, Caleb," said Mrs. Winters, "If you 've got any surplus money to throw away in buyin' a flag, why did n't you get up an' say so?"

Caleb Winters smiled indulgently. "I can't buy no flag," he answered; "but I would n't mind seein' a proper-sized an' bright-colored

'Old Glory' floatin' over Swamp Corner, an' I told 'em so, out an' out!—did n't I, Lemuel?"

A valorous break in the old man's voice when he uttered this confession gave Toby Hinkle a swift thrill. "Hurrah!" he cried suddenly in a sweet, gay, little shout, waving his handkerchief; "hurrah!"

Lemuel Hinkle burst into a pleased laugh, and the boy's uncle turned to Toby with glowing eyes. "I told 'em," he continued warmly, "that 't was a purty poor town that had to hoist a faded old flag on Independence Day, an' I said that I, for one, would pay my share; an' I moved that the committee purchase a flag twelve feet long an' six and a half feet wide—an' Lemuel he got up an' seconded the motion."

Mr. Hinkle was sitting near his youthful son, and at this flattering tribute from Mr. Caleb Winters Toby leaned over and hugged his father. "Hurrah!" he shouted again, with his radiant face hidden on Lemuel's breast. There was another volley of laughter, and even Mrs. Winters smiled.

"Well," said she, more leniently, "did n't they carry the motion?"

"Carry it? No," Caleb drawled; "some was in favor of it, but the others said 't would cost more 'n fifty dollars, an' then there 'd have to be the band, that would n't come short o' twenty more, an' the fireworks an' refreshments, an'—oh, land! they buried it out o' sight."

Toby's heart fluttered excitedly. A strange thought had come to him, and presently he put it into words, without leaving his father's close embrace. "Uncle Caleb," he said, gravely, "don't you care. I ain't got anything to do but to sit around; an' I 'll make a flag for Swamp Corner."

"What!" cried three astonished voices.

Toby's twinkling eyes emerged from their retreat, and shone upon his surprised relatives. "I 'm goin' to make a flag," he repeated. "I 'm goin' to sew it with needle and thread. You just leave it to Aunt Abiah an' me; you must n't ask a single question. I 'll make a flag."

Caleb Winters's chair dropped forward as he rose to his feet clumsily. "Land!" he ejaculated. "Leetle Toby-boy—you can't, can ye?"

The color in Toby's cheeks deepened, and he laughed and clapped his hands. "Yes," he cried, exultingly; "I'll work on it every day. I'll never rest. I'll make it so long, so wide, so beautiful, that when you see it on the liberty-pole you won't believe its stars are edged with Aunt Abiah's button-hole stitch. Hurrah!"

He threw one of his small pillows in the air, quite as other boys sometimes toss their caps, and he looked so bright and eager that his father, filled with pride, stooped, and, lifting him, swung him to his shoulder.

"Hoo-ray!" echoed Caleb Winters, feelingly, with a hoarse emphasis on the first syllable; and Mrs. Winters, who had dropped a furtive tear, rose, smiling, and stood with the men, her enthusiasm instinctively aroused by the wave of patriotism that seemed to be sweeping over the dingy little kitchen.

The following afternoon, before the ironing was entirely finished, Lemuel Hinkle drove his sister to the village, which was several miles from the Winters farm, where he and his motherless Toby lived. She went into the largest store—there were only two at Swamp Corner—with the ends of her mouth relaxed a few degrees from Monday's pucker, and asked for red bunting. Groceries and brooms and knitting-silk were sold every day, but there was very little demand for red bunting, so Mr. Mills, the proprietor, spread a roll of this material on his counter with a good deal of pride.

It chanced to have a warm, rich color. Toby's Aunt Abiah tested its quality between her thumb and finger, then she stepped to the door, and called in her brother Lemuel. "This is twelve cents a yard," she remarked. "What do you think of it?"

Toby's father pressed his lips together, and rubbed the goods with his knuckles, while Mr. Mills looked on, anxiously. "Have you got as good a shade of blue?" he inquired at last, blushing.

Mr. Mills's spirits rose as he hurried away to dig out the only piece of genuinely blue blue bunting in Swamp Corner. Queerly enough, it proved to be a superb shade, untarnished by the light of day. Indeed, it seemed as if the needs of Swamp Corner's liberty-pole had been in Mr. Mills's mind when he made

the purchase years ago. It was a clear, true blue that deserved the embellishment of stars, and could certainly uphold its honors in a substantial, independent manner.

Toby's messengers were preoccupied expressions while the bundles were being tied, and though Mr. Mills rejoiced in the sales, he wondered what they were going to do with two shades of bunting.

At the other store they stopped and bought white bunting. Before starting for home Mrs. Winters's brother drove around the village green encircled by white houses in the midst of which stood the town-hall, with a couple of white churches; and they took a look at the old liberty-pole towering straight and still into the heart of fierce winds. The air was extremely sharp to-day, and Fourth of July was a long way off, but Swamp Corner had learned to take time by the forelock.

Some boys about the size of Toby ran across the green, noisily. Mrs. Winters hugged her parcels with a proud complacency, and her brother kept his kindling eyes on a bit of brass at the tall pole's summit, and thought of his little son.

Wednesday morning Toby's plans—developed in the night when lying awake—were unfolded to Mrs. Winters in the kitchen, and the first steps toward their fulfilment were begun. Nancy Riggs, who sometimes helped Mrs. Winters about the housework, settled herself on the floor beside the bunting, while Mrs. Winters gesticulated with a pair of shears, and Toby advised thoughtfully. The girl was seventeen years of age and large for her years.

Toby Hinkle had as much knowledge of sewing as most boys have of spinning tops, but the cutting and planning were a little beyond his powers.

"There 's forty-five States, Nan," said he, "and forty-five stars multiplied by two will be ninety. I'll —"

"Mercy sakes!" Nancy interrupted, staring upward through her spectacles, "you ain't goin' to multiply 'em, Toby Hinkle — you ain't!"

Toby smiled condescendingly. "I've got to," he returned. "A star for each side of the flag, you see, an' then they're sewed together. If I make three stars every day, it won't take

but thirty days. I figured that on my slate," he added proudly.

"Gracious!" stammered Nancy; "button-hole stitch?"

Toby nodded.

"Don't discourage him," said Mrs. Winters, feeling a peculiar interest in the subject now that her laundry work was done. So Nancy humped her back over the bunting a moment, and then asked suddenly, "Be you goin' to put red strips on to the white, or white on to the red?"

"Mercy, Nancy Riggs!" Mrs. Winters exclaimed, "neither. We 're goin' to cut 'em even, an' sew 'em together, double-sided. This is n't goin' to be a slimsy flag. But you must not say 'strips'; they 're stripes."

Poor Nancy's face reddened, but she would have borne anything for Toby's sake. She spent the entire day upon the floor at his feet, and nearly all the stars were shaped before Mrs. Winters came in and lighted the lamps.

"Sakes alive!" Nan declared at last, "there can't be many more States, anyhow — that 's a comfort."

"Well, you can't tell, Nancy Riggs," Toby answered solemnly. "This republic is goin' to keep on growin' an' growin'. Perhaps you 'll live to see ninety states multiplied by two."

"Gracious!" the girl gasped, her eyes widening behind the spectacles.

"I tell you, it 's a great thing to be an American," Toby remarked solemnly, as he bid his friend a cordial good-night.

It would take considerable time to relate the

various troublesome details and the whole number of stitches through which the Swamp Corner flag marched slowly toward completion. Village boys dropped in occasionally to see the good work go on, and they came oftener and remained longer as the enormous banner grew apace. They grinned and jested with one another, yet some-

how it seemed a glorious thing to make a United States flag, and their eyes betrayed the fact. Nancy forced them to sit on barrels and tables at one side of the room, to keep their muddy feet at a safe distance.

By the time that June arrived the weather



"THIS IS N'T GOIN' TO BE A SLIMSY FLAG," SAID MRS. WINTERS.

was so warm, and the flag so large, that Toby and his retinue were moved into the "best room," among the china ornaments and worsted work; this was a great favor from his aunt Abiah, for eager boys had filled the kitchen and now stood the whole length of the stairs, gazing over the banisters into the "best room."

And the flag was truly a pleasant sight. Of course it was very different from the flags for sale in the cities, but to those who surveyed its bright stars and stripes this difference seemed to increase its value.

Finally, Mr. Job Pepper—one of the town selectmen—called at the Winters house and asked to see the flag. Through the following week he spoke about his visit to somebody in the village. All at once the story of Toby Hinkle's flag ran through Swamp Corner like a prairie fire. Men stood and talked it over in little groups in front of the liberty pole.

bright donation toward fire-works for the green. The fervor of the members of the town committee was awakened and did not go to sleep immediately. They planned what was called a "speechifying celebration," to be held in the town-hall the evening before the fourth. An eloquent lawyer from Denham agreed to give an address, and when the men who belonged to the brass-band heard about the flag, they offered to attend the "speechifying" gratis. The important evening found a flag twelve feet long, and about six and a half feet wide, draped before the speaker's table on the platform of



"A CHEER STARTED SOMEWHERE, AND, GATHERING STRENGTH, SWEEPED THE CROWD WITH A MIGHTY SHOUT!"

The women and children chatted of nothing else, and Mills's store and the post-office under the town-hall overflowed with excited villagers. At last, another meeting was assembled at the town-hall; and there it was voted to hire a brass band to come over from Denham on July fourth, at the town's expense. The committee felt that such a banner should be illuminated; therefore, after another vote, Deacon Bunce passed around his hat, into which dimes and half-dollars tumbled with a generous jingle,—a

the town-hall. Toby sat in the stuffed chair at home, glowing with a joyous satisfaction, but there was no enthusiasm, and the house was quite still; his aunt Abiah sat near him knitting. Nancy Riggs had gone to the "speechifyin'."

Suddenly a faint sound of martial music was wafted through an open window, and Mrs. Winters looked questioningly at Toby, who leaned forward.

"Why, it 's the band!" he cried joyfully, — "it 's the band! Don't you hear it?"

Mrs. Winters stood up quickly, with her finger on her lips. "Listen," she whispered. And they listened. Each recognized the tune that was being wafted on the warm night air with increasing clearness:

"T is the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Denham's band, marching five miles over a rough road toward the Winters farm, sent forth the shrill notes in a superbly earnest manner.

"Toby Hinkle," said Mrs. Winters, in her most elated tone of voice, "they 're comin' here, sure 's I 'm alive! I guess they 're goin' to serenade you."

By the time the band, with its attendant throng of Swamp Corner people, had reached the house, a lamp was burning in the "best room," and Toby's stuffed chair had been dragged to the front door. Some of the men carried torches, and all the road in front of the fence was brilliant with the red glare of burning powder.

Presently the music ceased. The people pressed nearer. They saw a little tow-headed boy in his chair on the threshold.

Then a trembling cheer started somewhere, and, gathering strength, swept along the crowd with a mighty shout! Toby's eyes were alight with a great happiness; he bent forward and shook his handkerchief. At the same moment a girl darted past the gate toward the house; she was followed by Lemuel Hinkle, who had fought his way through the crowd, and finally reaching the door, raised Toby high in his arms. Cheer followed cheer; the same "Hurrah!" that had burst from a boy's throat four months ago, was repeated by more than a hundred sturdy voices, and answered again and again till

the oak-leaves above the gables quivered. The patriotism of Swamp Corner ran wild.

"Land! 't wa'n't nothin' to the speeches," Caleb Winters said afterward. "That lawyer from Denham — my! he told 'em 'bout leetle Toby-boy in sich a tender sort o' way that I, I declare, I could have hugged him; he sez, sez he, 'Patriotism nowadays is somethin' finer 'n fightin'—' and old Caleb's voice broke with a kind of smiling sob.

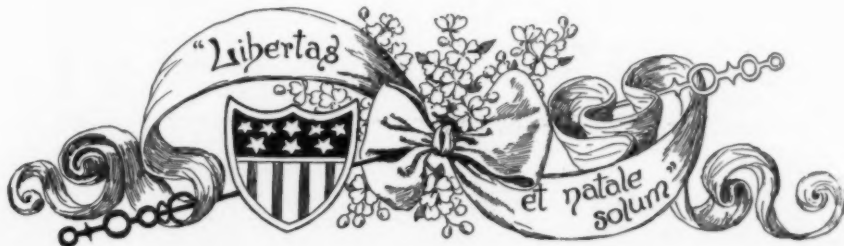
Fourth of July night, after the last rocket had soared past Swamp Corner's new flag, and then into the heavens where Toby Hinkle had feasted his eyes upon it from an upper window, Mrs. Winters tucked him into his bed. She rarely cuddled him for fear of "breaking down," but to-night she lingered. "Does your back ache very much?" she inquired.

Toby hesitated. "Well, some," he replied; "but not a *very* great deal. I don't mind, though. Brave folks don't mind aches."

Mrs. Winters kissed him silently, and took the candle out of the room, down the stairs; she showed that she was cheerful, too, by humming a bit of a stirring tune in her quavering voice, as she descended. Toby heard and smiled in the dark.

It helped him to see more clearly, in imagination, the stars and stripes — *his* stars and stripes, unfurled above Swamp Corner green. He remembered how brilliantly Denham's band had played the triumphant, bold refrain and the vibrant sweetness of its last four notes. Many boys fell asleep that night with the same refrain ringing in their ears —

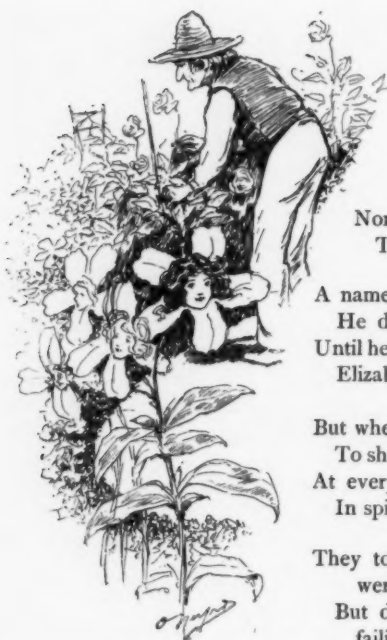
"T is the star-spangled banner, O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"





A Very Wild Flower.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.



WITHIN a garden once there grew
A flower that seemed the very pattern
Of all propriety; none knew
She was at heart a wandering slattern.

The gardener old, with care and pain,
Had trained her up as she should grow,
Nor dreamed amid his labor vain
That rank rebellion lurked below.

A name sufficiently high-sounding
He diligently sought for her,
Until he thought that the "Rebounding
Elizabeth" he should prefer.

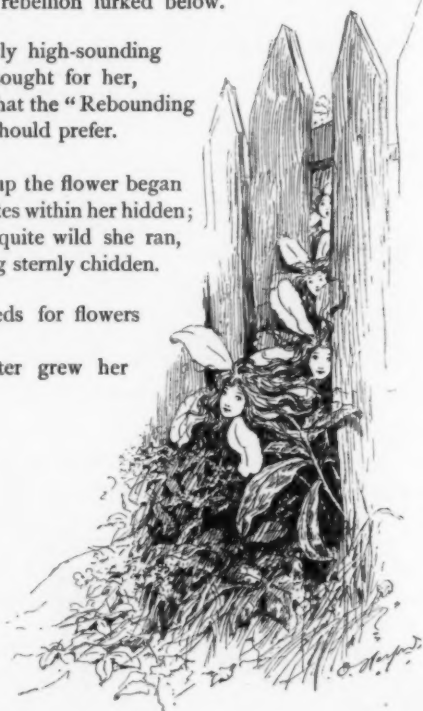
But when grown up the flower began
To show the tastes within her hidden;
At every chance quite wild she ran,
In spite of being sternly chidden.

They told her beds for flowers
were best;
But daily greater grew her
failings;

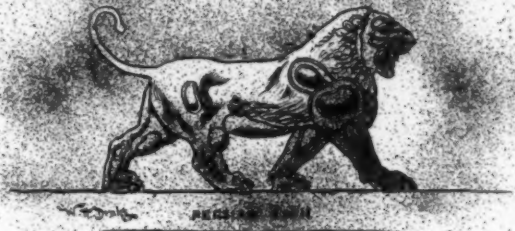
Up to the fence she boldly pressed,
And stuck her head between the palings.

Then to the street she struggled through,
Tearing to rags her silk attire,
And all along the road she grew,
Regardless quite of dust and mire.

You'll find her now by country ways,
A tattered tramp, though comely yet,
With rosy cheek and saucy gaze,
And known to all as "Bouncing Bet."



THE STORY OF MARCO POLO



BY NOAH BROOKS.

CHAPTER III.

MARCO DISCOURSES OF ANCIENT ARMENIA.

IN the former chapter we had the preface to Marco Polo's book as it was composed by Rusticiano. In reading the first chapter of the book itself we can imagine the prisoner and illustrious traveler pacing back and forth in his place of confinement, and dictating to his companion the words that are to be set down. And this is the first chapter of the work as dictated by Marco :

HERE THE BOOK BEGINS ; AND FIRST IT SPEAKS
OF THE LESSER HERMENIA.

THERE are two Hermenias, the Greater and the Less. The Lesser Hermenia is governed by a certain King, who maintains a just rule in his dominions, but is himself subject to the Tartar. The country contains numerous towns and villages, and has everything in plenty ; moreover, it is a great country for sport in the chase of all manner of beasts and birds. It is, however, by no means a healthy region, but grievously the reverse. In days of old the nobles there were valiant men, and did doughty deeds of arms ; but nowadays they are poor creatures, and good at naught. Howbeit, they have a city upon the sea, which is called LAYAS, at which there is a great trade. For you must know that all the spicery, and the cloths of silk and gold, and the other valuable wares that come from the interior, are brought to that city. And the merchants of Venice and Genoa, and other countries, come thither to sell their goods, and to

buy what they lack. And whatsoever persons would travel to the interior (of the East), merchants or others, they take their way by this city of Layas.

By "Hermenia" we are to understand that the traveler is speaking of the country now known as Armenia, a province of Turkey in Asia, lying to the westward, embracing the regions of the valley of the Euphrates and the mountainous Ararat. The subdivisions of the greater and the less Armenia are not known and used nowadays. Here is what Marco has to say about the other division of Armenia :

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREATER HERMENIA.

THIS is a great country. It begins at a city called ARZINGA, at which they weave the best buckrams in the world. It possesses also the best baths from natural springs that are anywhere to be found. The people of the country are Armenians, and are subject to the Tartar.

The country is indeed a passing great one, and in the summer it is frequented by the whole host of the Tartars of the Levant, because it then furnishes them with such excellent pasture for their cattle. But in winter the cold is past all bounds, so in that season they quit this country and go to a warmer region where they find other good pastures. [At a castle called PAIPURTH, that you pass in going from Trebizond to Tauris, there is a very good silver mine.]

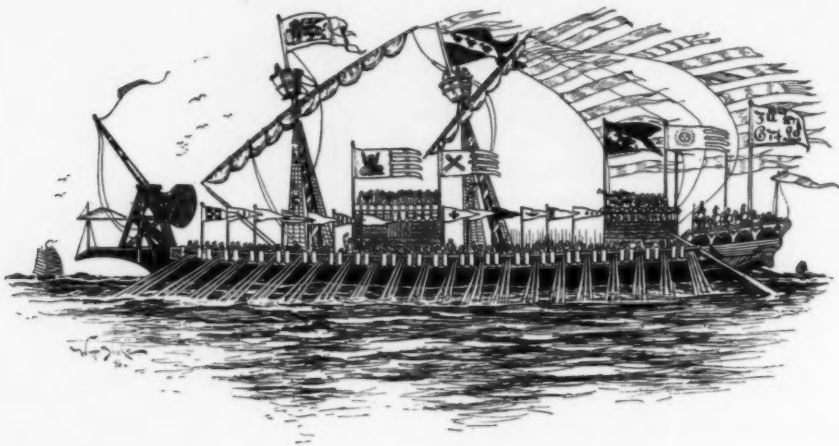
And you must know that it is in this country of Hermenia that the Ark of Noah exists on the top of a certain great mountain, on the summit of which snow is so constant that no one can ascend ; for the snow never melts,

and is constantly added to by new falls. Below, however, the snow does melt, and runs down, producing such rich and abundant herbage that in summer cattle are sent to pasture from a long way round about, and it never fails them. The melting snow also causes a great amount of mud on the mountain.

The country is bounded on the south by a kingdom

until as late as 1829, when it was ascended by Professor Parrot, a German traveler.

Every school-boy knows that Bagdad was the seat of Arabic learning in ancient times, and that its name often appears in that most delightful book, "Arabian Nights' Entertainments"



MARCO POLO'S GALLEY.

called Mosul, the people of which are Jacobite and Nestorian Christians, of whom I shall have more to tell you presently. On the north it is bounded by the Land of the Georgians, of whom also I shall speak. On the confines from Georgiania there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance, inasmuch that a hundred ship-loads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but 't is good to burn, and is also used to anoint camels that have the mange. People come from vast distances to fetch it, for in all the countries round about they have no other oil.

Between Trebizond and Erzerum was Paiburt, which must be the Baiburt of our day. Even in Marco Polo's time, it appears that they knew something about petroleum, or coal-oil; for the fountain of which he speaks is doubtless in the petroleum region on the peninsula of Baku, on the western coasts of the Caspian Sea, from which many ship-loads of oil are now annually exported, chiefly to Russia, under whose rule the country is now held. Even later than Marco's day it was believed that Noah's Ark, or fragments of it, rested on the top of Mount Ararat; but as that mountain is nearly 17,000 feet high, and is covered with perpetual snow, nobody had the courage to go up and find the ark,

with that of the Caliph, the good Harun-al-Rachid. That famous personage died long before Marco Polo visited Bagdad; but the stories of the Arabian Nights were commonly believed by the people of those parts, as we shall see later on in Marco's book. In Marco's day, Bagdad was known as Baudas; and one of the chapters of his book runs thus:

OF THE GREAT CITY OF BAUDAS, AND HOW IT WAS TAKEN.

BAUDAS is a great city, which used to be the seat of the Calif of all the Saracens in the world, just as Rome is the seat of the Pope of all the Christians. A very great river flows through the city, and by this you can descend to the Sea of India. There is a great traffic of merchants with their goods this way; they descend some eighteen days from Baudas, and then come to a certain city called KISI, where they enter the Sea of India. There is also on the river, as you go from Baudas to Kisi, a great city called BASTRA, surrounded by woods, in which grow the best dates in the world.

In Baudas they weave many different kinds of silk stuffs and gold brocades, such as *nasich*, and *wac*, and *cramoisie*, and many other beautiful tissues richly wrought with figures of beasts and birds. It is the noblest and greatest city in all those regions.

Now it came to pass on a day in the year of Christ 1255, that the Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, whose name was Alaü, brother to the Great Kaan now reigning, gathered a mighty host and came up against Baudas and took it by storm. It was a great enterprise! for in Baudas there were more than 100,000 horse, besides foot soldiers. And when Alaü had taken the place he found therein a tower of the Calif's, which was full of gold and silver and other treasure; in fact the greatest accumulation of treasure in one spot that was ever known. When he beheld that great heap of treasure he was astonished, and, summoning the Calif to his presence, he said to him: "Calif, tell me now why thou hast gathered such a huge treasure? What didst thou mean to do therewith? Knewest thou not that I was thine enemy, and that I was coming against thee with so great an host to cast thee forth of thine heritage? Wherefore didst thou not take of thy gear and employ it in paying knights and soldiers to defend thee and thy city?"

The Calif wist not what to answer, and said never a word. So the Prince continued: "Now then, Calif, since I see what a love thou hast borne thy treasure, I will e'en give it thee to eat!" So he shut the Calif up in the Treasure Tower, and bade that neither meat nor drink should be given him, saying: "Now, Calif, eat of thy treasure as much as thou wilt, since thou art so fond of it; for never shalt thou have aught else to eat!"

So the Calif lingered in the tower four days, and then died like a dog. Truly his treasure would have been of more service to him had he bestowed it upon men who would have defended his kingdom and his people, rather than let himself be taken and deposed and put to death as he was. Howbeit, since that time, there has been never another Calif, either at Baudas or anywhere else.

The Bastra of Marco Polo is the modern Basra, which is situated below the meeting of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and is still famed for the abundance of its delicious dates. The beautiful cloths called by Marco *nac*, *nasich*, and *cramoisy* were woven of silk and gold threads, and when they found their way to the courts of Europe, long afterward, they were worn by the rich and great. In tales of the time of good Queen Bess you will find references to *cramoisy*.

Many modern writers have made use of the story of the miserly Calif of Bagdad who perished so miserably in the midst of his gold; and it is clear that our own poet, Longfellow, had in mind the tale told by Marco Polo when he wrote in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" the poem of "Kambalu," the chief part of which runs thus:

I said to the Calif: Thou art old;
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here

Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards,
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.

Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him there to feed all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer nor a cry nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Calif seen alive.

This is the story strange and true,
That the great Captain Alaü
Told to his brother, the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

CHAPTER IV.

THE THREE KINGS AND THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

DOUBTLESS all the readers of ST. NICHOLAS have read the story of the visit of the Three Kings, or Magi, to Bethlehem, when the Sav-



ior was born. There is an ancient Christian tradition that the three men set out from Persia, and that their names were Melchior, Balthazar, and Kaspar; these wise men of the East, as they were called, are supposed to have returned to Persia after their visit to Palestine; and Marco Polo tells this tale as it was told to him:

OF THE GREAT COUNTRY OF PERSIA; WITH SOME
ACCOUNT OF THE THREE KINGS.

PERSIA is a great country, which was in old times very illustrious and powerful; but now the Tartars have wasted and destroyed it.

In Persia is the city of Saba, from which the Three



Magi set out when they went to worship Jesus Christ; and in this city they are buried, in three very large and beautiful monuments side by side. And above them there is a square building, carefully kept. The bodies are still entire, with the hair and beard remaining. Messer Marco Polo asked a great many questions of the people of that city as to those Three Magi, but never one could he find that knew aught of the matter, except that these were three kings who were buried there in days of old. However, at a place three days' journey distant he heard of what I am going to tell you. He found a village there which goes by the name of Cala Ataperistan, which is as much as to say, "The Castle of the Fire-worshippers." And the name is rightly applied, for the people there do worship fire, and I will tell you why.

They relate that in old times three kings of that country went away to worship a Prophet that was born, and they carried with them three manner of offerings, Gold, and Frankincense, and Myrrh; in order to ascertain whether that prophet were God, or an earthly king, or a physician. For, say they, if he take the Gold, then he is an earthly king; if he take the Incense he is God; if he take the Myrrh he is a Physician.

So it came to pass when they had come to the place where the Child was born, the youngest of the Three Kings went in first, and found the Child apparently just of his own age; so he went forth again, marveling greatly.

The middle one entered next, and like the first he found the Child seemingly of his own age; so he also went forth again and marveled greatly. Lastly, the eldest went in, and as it had befallen the other two, so it befell him. And he went forth very pensive. And when the three had rejoined one another, each told what he had seen; and then they all marveled the more. So they agreed to go in all three together, and on doing so they beheld the Child with the appearance of its actual age, to wit, some thirteen days. Then they adored, and presented their Gold, and Incense, and Myrrh. And the Child took all the three offerings, and then gave them a small closed box; whereupon the Kings departed to return into their own land.

And when they had ridden many days, they said they would see what the Child had given them. So they opened the little box, and inside it they found a stone. On seeing this they began to wonder what this might be that the Child had given them, and what was the import thereof. Now the signification was this: when they presented their offerings, the Child had accepted all three, and when they saw that, they had said within themselves that He was the True God, and the True King, and the True Physician. And what the gift of the stone implied was that this Faith which had begun in them should abide firm as a rock. For He well knew what was in their thoughts. Howbeit, they had no understanding at all of this signification of the gift of the stone; so they cast it into a well. Then straightway a fire from Heaven descended into that well wherein the stone had been cast.

And when the Three Kings beheld this marvel they were sore amazed, and it greatly repented them that they had cast away the stone; for well they then perceived that it had a great and holy meaning. So they took of that fire, and carried it into their own country, and placed it in a rich and beautiful church. And there the people keep it continually burning, and worship it as a god, and all the sacrifices they offer are kindled with that fire. And if ever the fire becomes extinct they go to other cities round about where the same faith is held, and obtain of that fire from them, and carry it to the church. And this is the reason why the people of this country worship fire. They will often go ten days' journey to get of that fire.

Such then was the story told by the people of that Castle to Messer Marco Polo; they declared to him for a truth that such was their history, and that one of the Three Kings was of the city called SABA, and the second of AVA, and the third of that very Castle where they still worship fire, with the people of all the country round about.

In Marco's further account of Persia and its wonders we find the hero Alaü again mentioned by name. It was Alaü who captured the castle of the miserly caliph; and he it was also who put an end to the crime of the wicked Old Man of the Mountain. Here is his chapter concerning the matter:

CONCERNING THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

MULEHET is a country in which the Old Man of the Mountain dwelt in former days; and the name means "*Place of the Avam*." I will tell you his whole history as related by Messer Marco Polo, who heard it from several natives of that region.

The Old Man was called in their language ALOADIN. He had caused a certain valley between two mountains to be enclosed, and had turned it into a garden, the largest and most beautiful that ever was seen, filled with every variety of fruit. In it were erected pavilions and palaces the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting. And there were runnels, too, flowing freely with wine and milk and honey and water; and numbers of ladies, the most beautiful in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sung most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold. For the Old Man desired to make his people believe that this was actually Paradise. So he had fashioned it after the description that Mahommet gave of his Paradise, to wit, that it should be a beautiful garden running with conduits of wine and milk and honey and water; and sure enough the Saracens of those parts believed that it *was* Paradise.

Now no man was allowed to enter the Garden save those whom he intended to be his ASHISHIN. There was a Fortress at the entrance to the Garden, strong enough to resist all the world, and there was no other way to get in. He kept at his Court a number of the youths of the country, from twelve to twenty years of age, such as had a taste for soldiering, and to these he used to tell tales about Paradise, just as Mahommet had been wont to do, and they believed in him just as the Saracens believe in Mahommet. Then he would introduce them into his garden, some four, or six, or ten at a time, having first made them drink a certain potion which cast them into a deep sleep, and then causing them to be lifted and carried in. So when they awoke they found themselves in the Garden.

Now this Prince whom we call the Old One kept his Court in grand and noble style, and made those simple hill-folks about him believe firmly that he was a great Prophet. And when he wanted one of his Ashishin to send on any mission, he would cause that potion whereof I spoke to be given to one of the youths in the Garden, and then had him carried into his palace. So when the young man awoke, he found himself in the Castle, and no longer in that Paradise; whereat he was not over-well pleased. He was then conducted to the Old Man's presence, and bowed before him with great veneration, as believing himself to be in the presence of a true Prophet. The Prince would then ask whence he came, and he would reply that he came from Paradise! and that it was exactly such as Mahommet had described it in the Law. This of course gave the others who stood by, and who had not been admitted, the greatest desire to enter therein.

So when the Old Man would have any Prince slain,

he would say to such a youth: "Go thou and slay So-and-So; and when thou returnest my Angels shall bear thee into Paradise. And shouldst thou die, natheless even so will I send my Angels to carry thee back into Paradise." So he caused them to believe; and thus there was no order of his that they would not affront any peril to execute, for the great desire they had to get back into that Paradise of his. And in this manner the Old One got his people to murder any one whom he desired to get rid of. Thus, too, the great dread that he inspired all Princes withal, made them become his tributaries in order that he might abide at peace and amity with them.

I should also tell you that the Old Man had certain others under him, who copied his proceedings and acted exactly in the same manner. One of these was sent into the territory of Damascus, and the other into Curdistan.

Now it came to pass in the year 1252, that Alaü, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, heard tell of these great crimes of the Old Man, and resolved to make an end of him. So he took and sent one of his Barons with a great Army to that Castle, and they besieged it for three years, but they could not take it, so strong was it. And indeed if they had had food within, it never would have been taken. But after being besieged those three years they



ran short of victual, and were taken. The Old Man was put to death with all his men, and the Castle with its Garden of Paradise was leveled with the ground. And since that time he has had no successor; and there was an end to all his villainies.

The region in which, according to Marco Polo, the Old Man of the Mountain lived and

reigned was the mountainous part of Persia, in the far North. But in the time of the first Crusaders, which was some two hundred years earlier, the chief of a band of scoundrels and man-slayers, one Hassan-ben-Sabah, had his stronghold in Mount Lebanon, in the southern part of Syria; and he was also known as the Old Man of the Mountain.

It is interesting to know that the story of the Old One was current all over the East, and that we get our word "assassin" from the vile practices of that wicked man, who really did exist, and whose followers are still to be found in remote corners of the East. The drug which he gave to those whom he desired to enlist in his band was hashish, or *Cannabis Indica*.

This is a learned name for Indian hemp, from which the drug is derived. Men who used the hashish to give them pleasant sleep and beautiful dreams were called "hashishiyyin"; and it was easy to make the word "assassin" out of hashishiyyin.

That this is the true origin of the English word, nobody need doubt. As Marco passed by the castle of the Old Man of the Mountain not long after his defeat by the Prince Alaü, we can believe that he heard a true account of what had happened; and it is not unlikely that the followers of this chief, the Assassins, as they were called, were a numerous band of fanatics who were spread over a considerable part of the East.

(To be continued.)

JAMES SMITH.

By W. C. McCLELLAND.

You may explain it as you will,
I leave you to your choice,
But this I know: James always had
A most appalling voice.

One day, while lying in his crib,
He whooped with such a clang,
The pictures trembled on the walls,
The door shut with a bang.

The cat rushed up the chimney-flue,
The dog barked from the shed,
The cage of the canary swung —
That night the bird was dead.

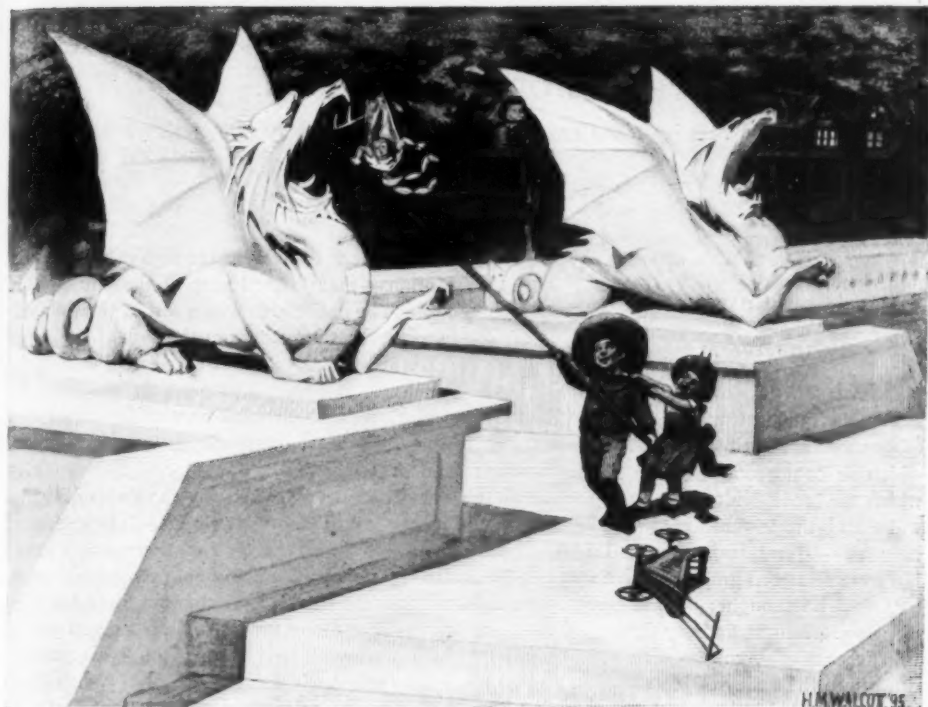
When James was four, and went to church,
And something stirred his ire,
You could n't hear the preacher, and
You could n't hear the choir.

As he grew up his voice increased;
Its strength more fearful grew,
Till strangers trembled at him when
He only questioned "who?"

A maid came in at breakfast time
As James began the grace;
She dropped her tray, the people say,
And so she lost her place.

He dared to use a telephone
To wish his cousin luck;
She fell as dead, and then she said,
"Ah, me, the house is struck!"

Next day he cheered a candidate;
That hour James' time had come:
The echo smote him in the throat,
And now he 's deaf and dumb.



A TRAGIC INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JEMIMA COBBS.

STORMS.

BY MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

WERE you ever in the wake of the wild cyclone,
Where the doors would shake, and the tim-
bers groan,

And all aghast,

When the storm was past,

You fainted in the wake of the wild cyclone?

I have never been the toy of that dreadful
ghoul;

But I 've seen a hungry boy come home
from school,

And the walls would roar,

As he trod the floor,

And rumble with the raging of the boy from
school.

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WERE you ever in the dread of the fierce
simoon,

When the air burned red in the blaze of
noon,

And you held your breath,

In the fear of death,

And trembled in the dread of the fierce si-
moon?

I have never felt the dread of a simoon wild;
But I have put to bed a cross little child;

And the air was mellow

With the battle and the bellow

Of that dear little, sleepy little, cross little
child.

THE SWORDMAKER'S SON.

(A Story of the Year 30 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XX.

THE TOWER IN SILOAM.

ONLY a few days after his parting with Hannah at the well in Cana, and on a brilliant October morning, Cyril stood upon a mount from which he could look across the valley through which the brook Kidron runs, and see the white walls and the towers and the Temple of the holy city—Jerusalem. Around him on the hill were scattered groves of olive-trees.

"No," he thought; "I will not go into the city now. I must find my father. I must eat the Feast of Tabernacles with him. I will go down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and go to the southern side where is the road to the Cave of Adullam."

In the valley was a road which made the circuit of the city, following the course of the brook Kidron on that side. There was only just room, it seemed, for road and brook, so densely was the valley occupied by buildings, and by villas and the gardens of the great. It was a broad, perfectly kept driveway; and foot-passengers must make way for the splendid chariots which went sweeping by. There were horsemen also; and Cyril, as he walked, saw several squadrons of cavalry. He was deeply interested in a cohort of Roman legionaries whose polished arms and perfect drill surpassed anything of the kind he had ever seen. There was a more terrible attraction in a band of trained gladiators that were said to belong to Pontius Pilate. They were enormous men, physically, and were evidently selected from several different races.

Cyril admired exceedingly the vast walls of the city which rose above him on his right, as he went onward. It was plain that no enemy could so much as assail the battlements that

frowned along the edge of the high cliff—Mount Moriah—that formed part of the site of the city. The entire area was a fort, with walls of its own separating it from the rest of the city, and the Temple itself was near the middle of it.

Cyril walked on until he was far down the valley, southeast of the city between the brook and the wall.

Near what Cyril knew was the Pool of Siloam he saw many laborers at work. They seemed to be erecting a tower; and there was a great throng of people looking on. It seemed as if something more than the building had brought the people there, for near the parties of workmen were gathered throngs of Jews, talking loudly and gesticulating excitedly. When Cyril came nearer he learned the cause of their excitement.

Pilate was really a man of ability, a statesman as well as soldier, or the Roman emperor would never have trusted him with the government of Judea. Pilate had found Jerusalem greatly in need of water, and had planned aqueducts; he had also decided that the Jews should pay for them. Other taxes not being sufficient, he had seized large sums of the treasures of the Temple, the contributions made by pious Jews all over the world for the support of the Temple worship. As a Roman and a heathen, he believed good water for the city more important than the Temple services.

The entire Jewish people felt differently, however, and the rabbis declared Pilate's project profane and sacrilegious. So here they were looking on at the erection of the great line of towers that were to support the aqueduct, bringing water from the hills to the city.

Cyril, as he stood and looked at the great tower, heard the stentorian tones, furious in anger, of a voice he at once remembered.

There indeed, as Cyril turned, he saw Ben Nassur cursing Pilate and his aqueduct, as so recently he had cursed his young kinsman at the well.

The tower represented to Isaac the stolen treasures of the Temple, the plunder of the altar and the priesthood, and Pilate's utter defiance of the rabbis. Even Cyril felt deeply that a heathen foreigner had no right to interfere in any manner with the Temple of God, and his sympathies for the moment were with his learned kinsman and the score or so of angry priests, rabbis, and scribes by whom he was surrounded.

No attention whatever was paid to the prolonged eloquence of Ben Nassur by the Roman architect or his workmen. Perhaps not one of them understood his torrent of old Hebrew words. The architect, however, had been fatally at fault in excavating for the foundation of that tower. Down a little deeper than the picks and shovels of his workmen had gone there was a quick-sand. Now, therefore, as the great stones of the tower were placed in series, tier on tier, the weight grew heavier and heavier, until it became too much for the crust of earth above the quicksand. On the side toward the valley the ground sloped, so that there was really nothing to sustain the enormous wall of stone.

A loud cry came from Cyril as he looked up at the toppling tower, and Rabbi Ben Nassur stopped and turned angrily toward him.

"See!" shouted Cyril. "The tower! It is tottering!"

Pitching forward like a falling man, the tower that was to have stood for ages came crashing, thundering down!



"THE TOWER CAME CRASHING, THUNDERING DOWN!"

There was a moment of awestruck silence, and then the multitude who saw uttered a kind of inarticulate roar, made up of innumerable

exclamations; for it was the curse of Rabbi Isaac and the other rabbis, as many thought, which had brought down the tower of the Romans. Buried under the fallen tower were eighteen of the officers and servants of Pontius Pilate.

"It is the vengeance of the Law!" shouted Ben Nassur, tossing his arms wildly; but a detachment of soldiers, which had been stationed there to guard the construction of the aqueduct, marched steadily forward with leveled spears, and the multitude turned and fled before them. The fall of a tower could not shake the nerves of Roman legionaries, even if they had no idea of what caused its fall. At all events, now it was down the danger was over.

Ben Nassur and Cyril had looked each other in the face for a moment; but Cyril did not wish to have the rabbi speak to him again. On he went, therefore, down the valley and past the Pool of Siloam. He stood still for several minutes when he came to the place marked by a fort and tower where the valley of Jehoshaphat, along which the Kidron ran, was joined at the right by the long, deep, and dreadful valley of Hinnom. Away up that valley, at intervals, Cyril could see the smoke arising from the fires which were burning the refuse materials from the city and the Temple. "The fires of Gehenna!" he exclaimed. There they had burned through ages, never going out night or day.

Cyril appeared to be searching for something as he walked along.

"That is the landmark," he said at last, as he stood before a tall stone pillar at the roadside. "The road to Bethlehem turns off there. I mean to go there, some day. It is the city of David, and Jesus of Nazareth was born there. Mary has told Lois and Abigail all about the shepherds and the angels and the wise men who came from the East." Cyril plodded on steadily southward, being guided from time to time by some prominent landmark — rock, or hill, or tree, or running water — which his father had described as a means whereby Cyril was to find his way to the Cave of Adullam.

There was no general "shop" or salesroom in the house of Abigail the tallith-maker. There was, however, a front room where she received her customers, some of whom were people of

rank, and a rear room where most of the varied needlework was done, and some kinds of weaving.

Here sat Lois that long afternoon. She was at work upon an abba — the flowing outer robe of white linen, worn by Jews of good degree and fair circumstances. Though not embroidered nor ornamented, it was of peculiarly fine texture.

"I wish I knew whom it is for," said Lois. "I suppose for one of the rabbis."

"So it is," said the pleasant voice of Abigail; "and thou mayest know, but thou must not tell others. Too many of the other rabbis oppose him, and it will not do for a working-woman like me to make enemies."

"Abigail," exclaimed Lois, "is it then for the Master? Have I worked for him?"

A noble-looking woman was Abigail, with closely folded masses of nearly white hair above her high forehead. Her face told of trouble which may have whitened her hair before its time; but her smile and her eyes were very sweet in their expression as she answered:

"Salome and some other women brought the materials. It is for him to wear when he goes to Jerusalem to the next Passover. And there is something else. Come!"

Lois put aside her work and followed Abigail into another room — a small one, at the right of the workroom. She could not have told why such a feeling of awe came over her as she watched the actions of her employer and friend. A large box, covered and fastened, lay in a corner of the room, and Abigail went and opened it. It contained many articles of apparel; but these were lifted out, and Abigail took from the very bottom of the box a light casket made of some odorous wood with which Lois was not familiar.

"Look," she said, as she held back the lid of the casket. "I need not take it out. It is his inner robe. It is woven without a seam. It is such as the high-priests wear in the Temple at Jerusalem."

"Where did it come from?" whispered Lois, looking at it with admiration.

"Nobody must know," said Abigail. "One evening, not long ago, when there were neither stars nor any moon, I was called to the door,

and a stranger handed me this. He was a tall strong man, in a robe that covered him all over, and he had come on horseback, for his horse stood by him. 'This,' he said, 'is for Jesus of Nazareth, who is called the Christ. Finish it thou, and keep it for him. He will be told that it is here.'"

"Did you speak to him?" exclaimed Lois.

"'Who art thou?' I asked," said Abigail. "But the man answered me: 'I am told that thou art discreet. I am from the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and from the women who are with her. That is enough for thee to know. They who made that garment for him dwell in the king's house.'"

"Then Jesus has friends," answered Lois, "where nobody would think of seeking them. But what nature of man was the messenger?"

"It was too dark to see plainly," said Abigail. "I suppose he did not wish to be seen. There were scars on his face. He may have been one of Herod's soldiers. I took the casket from him and he went away. Now I must wait until it is sent for."

"There is no robe too fine for the Master," said Lois, with reverence. "I shall enjoy every stitch I take, now I know the abba is for him. But what a beautiful vesture this is! It is from the ladies in the palace. It is of fine wool, woven without a seam, and as white as snow!"

CHAPTER XXI.

CYRIL AND THE OUTLAWS.

THE sun was setting at the close of Cyril's somewhat anxious day's pilgrimage. He had met no enemy since leaving Jerusalem, but he

had met many wayfarers. Cyril had preferred not to make acquaintance with any, but at last he stood facing a man who was evidently determined to find out something about the young



"'WHO ART THOU?'"

traveler before he would let him pass. The stranger was short and of a sturdy frame, with a red face and a closely-curling, grizzled black beard. He commanded Cyril to halt.

It was a place where, for a time, one strong

man could have halted a dozen, or even a thousand. It was a mere shelf in the side of a great cliff. On Cyril's left was a precipice hanging above a gorge far below, through which a stream was running. On the right was the wall of rock, ledge above ledge—Cyril did not know how high.

"Who art thou?" curtly and sternly demanded the stranger, gripping hard but not lifting the weapon in his hand. It was a Roman pilum or javelin, and must at some time have been carried by a legionary.

There might have been danger to Cyril at that moment, if he had not been warned against it by his father. He did not speak, but turned at once to the rock, and passed his forefinger along it as if writing.

The face of the grim sentry of the pass brightened suddenly.

"Again I say, who art thou?" he asked, but nodding his head in a friendly manner. "Canst thou write 'Shallum'?"

Cyril's finger moved along the wall, but he said, aloud, "Shallum, of the sons of Hezekiah, of Galilee—"

"Amen!" responded the sentry. "Name?"

"Cyril, the son of Ezra the Swordmaker—"

"Amen!" again exclaimed Shallum, in evident delight. "I know thee now. Come on with me, and I will show thee thy father. Hast thou any news? Tell us of Galilee. And what of Jesus of Nazareth? Thy father saith thou hast been with him."

He had turned at once, and Cyril was now marching side by side with him along the shelf of rock. In his eager delight at meeting a friend and comrade of his father, Cyril was beginning to talk freely, but Shallum stopped him.

"Tell thy tale in the cave," he said. "I shall soon be there. Go on, now, and at the entrance thou needest no password but Shallum and Ezra. They will know thee."

The narrow path continued along the side of the rock, but there were places where it widened so that small parties of defenders could withstand an army.

And now, just a little ahead, Cyril saw that the path appeared to end in a kind of opening of the rock.

"That is where I shall be questioned again,"

he was thinking, when a loud cry of pleasure seemed to sound from the rock itself.

"My son—thou art here!" and then it was Ezra himself who stepped out from another cleft and threw his strong arms around Cyril.

A rapid exchange of questions and answers followed, and then, led by his father, the young adventurer found himself groping his way through a dark and seemingly intricate passage.

Ezra put out his hand and pushed aside a kind of curtain; there was a glare of dull and smoky light, from cressets and torches and a forge-fire, and Cyril knew that he was in the outer chamber of the well-known cave. It was by no means regular in shape, but it was about sixty feet long and from thirty to forty feet in height.

Cyril's first glance around him showed him several anvils and quite an array of tools; but what his father had told him had prepared him for that. He had not expected, however, to see so many men.

They seemed to swarm from the rocky sides of the cave and out of the ground. So must the cave have looked in the days of David. He had had four hundred men with him, it was recorded, and Cyril soon discovered that there was plenty of room for even a larger band.

Just now, none of them thought of David or Saul. No doubt they had some means for learning the news of the day, but a traveler from Galilee, and straight from Jerusalem that very day, was sure to bring them tidings eagerly desired.

They were ready to listen, with breathless interest, to all that could be said about the Galilean prophet who was gaining so many followers, and who was of the royal line of Judah, descended from David; and whom even John the Baptizer had declared to be the Anointed, who was to restore the Kingdom.

Question followed question, and Cyril's answers became full and free as he acquired confidence, until at last a grim old graybeard remarked:

"Amen! It is enough! I am for this Prophet of Nazareth. But the young man has traveled all day. He is tired out. Let him have food."

"I will care for him," said Ezra; and in a

few moments more he and Cyril were alone together in another cave, into which Cyril followed his father, through a long, low burrow, on his hands and knees. It was like the other, somewhat, but here was no smithy. It was the sleeping-place and store-room. Cyril ate heartily and so did Ezra, and all the while the talk went on. While his father learned the news of Lois and of the doings in Cana, Cyril was told about the cave and about the plans of Ezra. At last, however, somewhat reluctantly, Cyril told how Ben Nassur had cursed him, and then about the fall of the Roman tower near the Pool of Siloam.

Ezra was a follower of Jesus, but he was a Jew, zealous for the Law, and full of reverence for the rabbis and their teaching. He grew very grave as he heard, for he was by no means ready yet to cut loose from the traditions of his people.

"Jesus also is a rabbi," he remarked, after a long minute of thinking. "He could tell us what to do. At all events we must go to the Temple, and offer a lamb for a trespass offering."

"I have money enough to buy one," said Cyril; "but can you venture into Jerusalem?"

"Safely enough," said Ezra. "Many of us cannot, but unless we meet some of our Samaritan enemies, to denounce us, we are in no danger. Especially during the days of the feast, I can safely go and come."

Cyril felt greatly relieved by the idea of offering a sacrifice. He felt that it might entirely prevent the evil consequences of Ben Nassur's terrible curse. Not that Cyril thought he had really broken the Law, but the rabbi had said he had, and Isaac, being a very learned man, might be right.

"We will set out for the city to-morrow morning," said Ezra, when they had finished their last cluster of grapes. "Now I will show you the rest of the cave."

Cyril's curiosity was intensely excited, and he sprang to his feet. His father carried a torch and led the way. At the further end of that cave was an opening, and they had to climb upward a few feet to reach it. Then they followed a narrow cleft in the rock for a number of feet, and went down again five or six yards

of steep descent, into a large underground chamber. It was a place for men to sleep in, but it was also used as an arsenal. All along the walls were stacked various kinds of weapons, among which were great numbers of bows and sheaves of arrows.

"The Romans took them from the Parthians," said Ezra. "Then the Parthians destroyed that detachment of Romans on their way home, but our tribes gathered the best of the spoils. Come! I will show you something more."

Through a curiously crooked passage Cyril was led into the fourth chamber of the cave; and into this he could not go very far, it was packed so full of arms and armor.

"Year after year has this been accumulating," said Ezra. "There are other storehouses like it in other places. When the time comes for our people to rise against the Romans, we shall have something to fight with, in spite of all that Herod and Pilate have done to leave us defenseless. We capture new lots of weapons whenever we can; but we are never seen to bring any in this direction."

"Thou and the other smiths are making new things meanwhile?" asked Cyril.

"Not so," said his father. "We can do better by repairing and keeping in good order all we have on hand. That gives us work enough. But I have one piece of work that I will show you some day. Come out of the cave now, and rest. Most of us prefer to sleep in booths among the rocks, though there is always plenty of air in the caves."

It seemed a vast relief to get into the open air again after Cyril made his long way out; for, in order to do so he had to creep and grope and walk over five hundred feet through the cavern to the entrance on the ledge.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MASSACRE OF THE GALILEANS.

THE falling of the tower occasioned great excitement in Jerusalem. There were, indeed, two parties to the controversy. A large part of the resident population was strongly in favor of Pilate's plan, and wanted the water brought in. On the other hand, pilgrims from a distance,

come to celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles, and more than usually filled with religious fervor, were not interested in an aqueduct which was never to benefit them. Foremost among these, and always the most daring and rebellious of the Jewish people, were the pilgrims from Galilee. They were certainly the most hated by the Romans, on account of their free speech and unsubdued spirit. They were now stirred up to fanatical violence by several other griev-

day; but he was in a very ugly frame of mind. Such men as Ben Nassur, aided by zealots from other places, were arousing their followers more and more from hour to hour, until at last an angry multitude swarmed around the gates of Pilate's house, cursing him in the name of the Law, and of the Temple. They clamored for the restitution of the treasures taken from the priests; the cessation of the aqueduct work, which the fall of the tower so plainly declared to be wicked; and they furiously demanded the removal of the Temple guards.

The Roman governor had not the least idea of granting any of these demands, and he determined to teach the angry Galileans a lesson. He sent to his camps for a large number of soldiers. They were not to come in armor, but in ordinary clothing, and were to be armed only with clubs. Strong men can do a great deal of damage with heavy cudgels, but Pilate's idea was to express in this way his soldierly contempt for a Jewish mob. His men were ordered to surround it and to wait for such commands as he might give them.

Of course it was late in the day before all this could be accomplished; but at a very early hour that morning Ezra the Swordmaker and Cyril had left the Cave of Adullam, and set out for the city. It



"WHAT A SPLENDID SWORD!" EXCLAIMED CYRIL." (SEE PAGE 754.)

ances, including the fact that Pilate kept a Roman garrison within the walls of the Temple area, and Roman sentries in the approaches to the Temple itself. It may have been only prudent for him to do so, but his soldiers carried their eagle standards with them. They were known to worship these, and therefore, they, as heathen, had taken idols into the sacred places.

It was Pilate's custom to come to his official residence—a kind of palace for public business—during all feasts, and he was there that

was not yet noon when they passed through one of the southern gates of Jerusalem, unnoticed by the silent guards in full armor, and entered the city.

It was part of the caution of Ezra's friends at the Cave that they should never be seen in large parties. He and his son were by themselves, therefore, when, shortly after passing the gate, they were informed of the great tumult at Pilate's house.

"It is no place for us," said Ezra. "Thou

and I have but one errand. We must offer our sin-offering, and get away."

Cyril's fear of the rabbis and priests grew stronger as he drew near the Temple. There was no other place on earth, he believed, where a sacrifice to God could be offered as solemnly as upon the brazen gold-ornamented altar of burnt-offering, which he and his father were soon to see.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the tumult in the open space before the governor's palace, but Cyril and his father could no longer hear it, for they were now in the outer court of the Temple. They advanced toward the steps leading up to the gorgeously gilded portals of the inner court. Here they were met by a Levite to whom Ezra at once handed the fleecy offering which he had brought and had so far carried in his arms. During several minutes, however, there had been strange sounds beyond the gate of the outer court, and they were fast growing louder. Ezra and his son would have paused to listen, but the Levite led the way into the inner court, and they followed. In a moment more Cyril could see the smoking altar, the splendidly arrayed priests, the chanting Levites, the swinging censers, and all the grand appliances of the Temple worship. Everything was splendid beyond his imaginings; but he could not look at it for more than a moment. Behind him, surging through the gate into the outer court, filling that space, and then pouring on into the inner court, came a shouting, shrieking, maddened multitude.

Pilate's club-men had been doing their brutal work only too well, and, if his soldiers carried clubs only, other enemies of the Galileans (and they were many) had seized this opportunity, for steel blades were flashing among the pursuers. An angry mob were now pitilessly smiting down the Jews who had protested so zealously for the Temple and the Law.

They did not pause at the gate of the inner court, but, in a moment more, there were slain Galileans lying among the bodies of the animals prepared for sacrifice, and the revenge of Pilate upon those who had upbraided him was becoming terrible. The priests and other Temple officers were fleeing.

"Come," said Ezra, in a low, fierce whisper.

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"Follow me. We must escape now, that we may some day smite them the more surely."

"There is Ben Nassur!" suddenly shouted Cyril. "Father, help him! He is down!"

Bravely, indeed, had the burly rabbi turned upon a pursuer who was close upon him with an uplifted simitar, but at that moment his foot slipped and he fell heavily backward. No genuine Roman soldier was near them, and Ezra caught up one of the heavy knives with which the Levites had been preparing beasts for the sacrifices.

"Thou son of Edom!" he shouted, as he sprang over the prostrate Isaac and struck down his fierce enemy.

In a few seconds his simitar, a very good weapon, was in the hands of Cyril himself.

"Onward," said Ezra, "but strike no man carrying a club. It is not safe. They are Romans. These others are only Samaritans and Edomites—Herod's own men, not Pilate's."

It was a confused hurlyburly, but the Roman governor's lesson to the Galileans had already been completely given, and a trumpet in the outer court was sounding the recall. All the soldiers obeyed like machines, not striking another blow.

It had been Cyril's first experience of actual fighting. At his father's order he had reluctantly thrown away the captured sword, and they were making their way out with the motley crowd of people who were permitted to escape. No such bloody massacre had been intended by Pilate, and his Temple-guards were now actually serving as a police to prevent further slaughter. Not a few of his soldiers had been badly hurt, and a number of the Herodian rabble had been slain, for the Galileans were brave men and had fought for their lives.

As for Cyril and his father, they were safe now, and were hurrying toward the southern gate of the city.

"Father," said Cyril, "what had Ben Nassur and the others done that this should come upon them?"

"I know not," said Ezra, thoughtfully. "It is written that we are punished for our transgressions, but I have seen the best men of Israel go down before the swords of the heathen. At least we have made an offering."

"We brought the lamb," said Cyril, "but we did not see it offered."

"I am no rabbi," said Ezra, sturdily. "I cannot say whether or not that was enough. I do know that I have smitten Herod's men and I have seen thee fighting them bravely. Thou wilt make a strong swordsman one of these days, but thou art in need of practice. I will teach thee in the Cave."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SWORD FOR THE KING.

THOSE were lonely yet busy days for Lois, at her embroidery work, in the house of Abigail. Such news as came through the customers of her mistress, or from their neighbors in Capernaum, had almost a monotonous character.

There was, of course, a great excitement when pilgrims returned from the Feast of Tabernacles to tell of the slaughter of so many Galileans by Pilate's order.

Still, a girl at her sewing could do no more than sorrow for all who had suffered. She and her people were apparently doomed to suffer oppression, generation after generation.

"How I wish Jesus were king now," she often said to herself, "just as so many believe he is going to be. We should all live at peace, then."

The thoughts of a great many people were turning more and more toward Jesus of Nazareth. It was understood that the priests and scribes were more than ever opposed to him. Isaac Ben Nassur had returned to Cana in a most fanatical zeal for the Law, and all who agreed with him were expected to denounce Jesus. Not all of them did so, by any means, for wherever Jesus went he was doing much good among the people. So were his disciples, of whom he was now said to have sent out, in various directions, not only the original twelve, but seventy more, to preach and to teach and to heal.

But many longed for action against the Romans. The delay seemed hard to bear to the impatient patriots, who had made their headquarters at the Cave of Adullam. They had almost nothing to do except to hear what news they could get, and to talk about it.

Ezra himself, and such as knew even a little of the armorer's trade, had plenty of occupation; but even for them it was dull work to sharpen arrows, and polish bows, and fit spear-heads which might never be used in battle. Not a great many days after Cyril's arrival, however, he and his father were alone together in the outer cave—the smithy. It was the first time that they had been so, although they had worked there daily, and Ezra had waited for the opportunity. As soon as he was sure that they were alone, he put down his hammer, and went to the side of the cave. He pulled out a piece of wood which closed, like a lid or little door, a deep crevice in the rock, put in his hand, and drew out something that was carefully wrapped in goat's leather.

"Father!" exclaimed Cyril, as the coverings were unwrapped. "What a splendid sword! Didst thou make it?"

"That did I not," said Ezra, holding it up. "The smith that forged that blade was in his grave before the Canaanites were driven out of Canaan. I think it has had more than one hilt, and has passed through the hands of kings. It is covered, hilt and all, with inscriptions."

The richly chased handle of the sword was of pure gold. It was indeed such a weapon as no ordinary chief could have afforded, for among the chasings at the haft there were great jewels that sparkled in the forge-firelight.

"Do you know what kings owned it?" asked Cyril. "Some of the other swords are fine, but this is the finest."

"That is why I picked it out," said Ezra, shrewdly, holding up the long, gracefully curved weapon. "No man knows if the things that are told him are true or not, but they say it was one of the treasures of the old Temple first, and then of this new Temple. It may be so. It may be that Joshua carried it once, or David. It is the sword I have made ready for the king that is to come. He should have a better one if I could find it for him."

"He may bring his own sword," said Cyril.

"Kings do not make swords," replied Ezra. "They do not often use one themselves. Others wield swords for them."

Ezra was speaking entirely as if he were the king's armorer just then, very proud of

his work, and of the weapon he was prepared to offer his monarch.

"I wish the king might come," said Cyril, "so we might rise against the Romans at once."

"So do I," said Ezra. "But thou hast seen the sword, and I will put it away. And now it is time for thee to set out for Jerusalem on thy errand. Thou wilt reach as near it as one of the Kidron villages to-night, and get in when the gates open to-morrow morning."

Cyril departed, while Ezra returned to his work.

Another day came and passed, bringing no change to the men of the Cave of Adullam.

"He will return to-morrow," said Ezra to his friends, when they asked concerning Cyril. "No doubt he will bring news."

"As good a runner as Asahel, the brother of Joab," had Ezra once declared Cyril, but even he was astonished when a little after the noon of that day, as he worked at his anvil, his name was shouted by Shallum at the entrance of the cave with the announcement:

"Thy son is here! He brings tidings he will not give but in the cave!"

"Then they are black," said Ezra, throwing down his hammer. "Let all gather to hear."

The summons did not have to be carried far, but Cyril first said words, quietly, to his father and one or two more to make them send for all who were near enough to be summoned, and the cavern was thronged with arrivals from the booths among the gorges and under the shelter of the neighboring crags. There had been various reasons why so many had gathered at that time, as they often did, indeed, and the excitement of expectation was now strongly at work among them. Every cresset was piled high with blazing wood, the torches flared, and the cave was full of a red and smoky glare.

"Speak, Cyril!" said Ezra.

Cyril had arrived pale and almost breathless, but he had now recovered himself, and his boyish voice was clear and full as he responded, speaking as if to his father.

"I rested among the vineyards last night, and this morning I was at the southern gate of Jerusalem before it was open. There was no need to remain there, and I walked on along the valley of the Kidron, looking at the walls.

I meant to go in at the Jericho gate on the north, but when I reached it it was still shut, and there were guards before it, and the centurion in command stood on the wall above the gate. I think he was there because of a mounted messenger who came spurring at full gallop up the Jericho road. I dared not go too near, for the trumpeter at the gate blew as if to warn me, and there were others who stood still. I saw the horseman draw his rein, and his horse fell as he did so, but the rider sprang to his feet and shouted:

"From Herod the king to Pontius Pilatus and to the High Priest: The sun has risen twice since the head of John the Baptizer was brought before the King in the banquet-hall of Machærus. Let all guards be doubled. Let the Temple gates be shut. Let the camps be under arms, lest there shall be a tumult among the people."

"Then," continued Cyril, "the guards at the gate began to arrest every man who had heard, but I fled away down the valley of Jehoshaphat, and I came hither through the hills, telling no man by the way—for John the Baptizer is dead!"

For a moment there was deep silence, and then arose loud cries of lamentation, while strong men rent their garments, sobbed aloud, and threw themselves upon the ground; for these men had regarded John as a prophet sent from God.

"My son," said Ezra, "thou hast done well. Rest thee, now, and eat. Then go thou with all speed to the followers of Jesus of Nazareth. He has been in Judea, but I think thou wilt find him in Galilee."

"Others will carry him the news sooner than I can," said Cyril; "but I will gladly go."

"Herod will seek him next," said Ezra. "He would have slain him ere this if he had dared."

Cyril had traveled fast and far that day, winning high praise from the tough-sinewed men to whom he had brought his terrible news. He felt somewhat stiff and lame next morning, but he was eager to set out upon his errand to Galilee; and before the sun of that day set he was again upon the Mount of Olives, taking a farewell look at Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

A WORD FOR THE OLD FOURTHS.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.



RE these Fourths like the
old Fourths —
The Fourths when
we were boys?
Do drums make as
much music,
And powder as much
noise?
If rightly I remember,
We were a merrier crowd;
Then drums and hearts beat higher,
And bands played twice as loud.

Tar-barrels were made ready
Before the end of June;
The almanacs consulted
To see about the moon;
And when we lit that bonfire
Whole skies were crimsoned o'er.
We boys, to be up early,
Stayed up the night before.



THE BONFIRE.

If father lent the musket
Once carried by his sire —
A tried and trusty weapon
That none but we dared fire,

After some slight contention
Which one should fire the first,
The trigger was pulled gently,
Lest gran'pa's gun should burst.



"GRANDPA'S GUN."

All knew there 'd come the circus,
For, many days before,
There stopped a yellow wagon
At the best tavern's door;
And straight with bright-hued posters
That tavern's front was filled;
While barns, wood-piles, and fences
Seemed rainbows circus-billed.

Without his host he reckoned
Who thought to see that show,
And not disburse a "quarter,"
As through the town they 'd go;



THE CIRCUS IS COMING!



"THE ELEPHANT IN SACKCLOTH."

For all the things worth seeing
Went covered through the street —
The elephant in sackcloth,
The camel in a sheet.



LEMONADE FOR SALE.

And then came "General Muster —"
That was a martial scene,
And lemonade and soda
Were sold upon the green.

Presenting queer old muskets —
Those flint-locks kicked like fun! —
The soldier proved his courage
Who stood behind his gun.

And then one stately figure
On horseback rode and bowed,
That officer my father —
Ah, me! but I was proud!



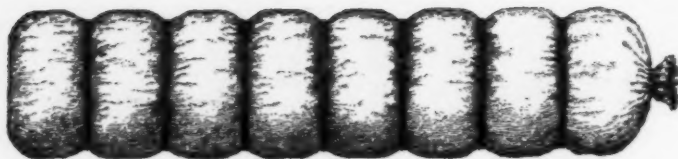
"THE GENERAL MUSTER."

Still see I that dear chieftain,
"Fall in!" I hear him shout, —
Yet he who led that train-band
Has long been mustered out.

But I long for that Fourth olden,
Its merriment and noise,
When men trained one the other,
And women trained the boys;

When red seemed every sunset,
When blue seemed every sky;
When white seemed life, and spotless,
And the Fourth held all July!





A CHARGE OF POWDER IN ITS BAG.

GUNPOWDER.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT.

PEOPLE outside of military life who have no connection with the making of gunpowder know it only as a coarse, black powder, like black sand, which will flash off with a loud report if shut up in a case of any kind, and set on fire.

It is a very queer mixture, made up of three simple and well-known substances, no one of which will explode, although two will burn. Nobody knows when or how it was discovered, for as far back into the dark ages as records or tradition will carry us, we find that gunpowder, though not used for guns, was known. It was, no doubt, looked upon with awe and fear by the ancients on account of its flame, its noise, and its rending force; but their limited mechanical skill could suggest very little use for it.

Possibly it was used in warfare long before the beginning of history; but the first man in historical times to form an idea of the terrible destruction which this awful, bursting, fiery substance might produce was an English monk named Roger Bacon. Monks, in his day, were the chemists, scholars, and writers of the world; and this Roger Bacon traveled and studied much, and made continual experiments in his laboratory to prove for himself and to develop what he learned from others. He probably saw gunpowder among the Moors in Spain, and tried for himself its explosive effect. Then he wrote of its composition in the year 1267, and in his writing suggested that it could be used in engines of war to deal death and destruction to armies of men.

Soon after Roger Bacon's time his sugges-

tions were taken up and guns were constructed, first by binding iron bars together with hoops to form a tube, then by casting a tube out of brass, with one end closed. Stones of suitable size were selected as shot, and the powder had to be carried around in chests or barrels and shoveled into the muzzles of the guns, the stones being rolled in after it. In spite of these drawbacks very large guns were built, for there was one used by Mahomet II. against the Greeks at the siege of Constantinople in 1453 which threw a stone weighing six hundred pounds a distance of one mile.

Gunpowder then steadily developed as mechanical skill constructed better and better weapons in which to use it, until to-day it has reached a perfection of manufacture for various purposes which allows its effects to be foretold in any weapon, even to the time it takes a grain to burn, and to the distance it will drive a shot.

Roger Bacon's gunpowder was made of saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal. Saltpeter is chemically called niter, and is a natural product found bedded in the earth in different parts of the world, chiefly in India and China. Sulphur, too, is found in a natural state in many volcanic countries, like Sicily, while, as is well known, charcoal is made from wood or woody substances by heating them almost to a burning heat in an airtight vessel, thus driving off everything in them but carbon.

Saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal are still the only ingredients of the gunpowder in common use, although a new gunpowder made of differ-

ent materials is undergoing successful experiment; but of that we will speak later. A mixture of saltpeter and charcoal alone would form an explosive, and sulphur is added chiefly to make it plastic, or capable of being pressed into cakes and shapes. All three ingredients have to be purified by the most careful chemical skill before they are combined. Then an exact proportion of each has to be measured out according to the kind of powder to be made.

For the gunpowder generally used you would find in every hundred pounds, if you could separate the ingredients, seventy-five pounds of saltpeter, fifteen pounds of charcoal, and ten pounds of sulphur; but it would be almost impossible to separate the ingredients, for they are not merely mixed together as you might mix pepper and salt, but they are ground and rolled and stirred and pressed together by special machines until they are almost sufficiently united to form a single new substance.

This mixing process is called "trituration," and the powder is thus made into the form of big flat cakes, called press-cake, and then broken up, and screened into grains of special sizes, or ground to the fine powder used for shot-guns and revolvers. The large-grained powders are still further stirred together until the grains become highly glazed, and these are called cannon powders. A lighted match may be held to a grain of cannon powder and it will be found almost impossible to set it on fire, but once ignited it flashes off very suddenly and violently.

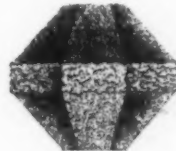
The great trouble with powder in cannon was soon found to be that it exerted all its force too suddenly, so that all the strain came on one end of the gun. When gunpowder is set on fire it turns suddenly into gas, and the gas needs about three hundred times the space that the solid powder occupied. The explosion of ordinary gunpowder is so sudden that for a moment that part of the gun around the powder charge has to hold the big volume of gas squeezed down under enormous pressure until the shot can make a start to get out of the gun and make room for the gas. If, therefore, gunpowder could be made which would burn a little slower, so that it would not all be burnt until the shot reached the muzzle, the gas would be more gradually formed and the strain be dis-

tributed all along the gun. Such a powder was first made in Germany, and was first called cocoa powder, because it resembled in color and general appearance a cake of chocolate. Its method of manufacture was kept secret, but other countries analyzed the grains and soon learned to make it even better than Germany. It is made partly by changing the proportions of the ingredients, making them about seventy-nine per cent. saltpeter, three per cent. sulphur, and eighteen per cent. charcoal, but mainly by using an underburnt charcoal, thus also giving the powder its peculiar color. Thus there arose a division of gunpowder into quick- and slow-burning powders.

It was not alone necessary to make a powder which would burn more slowly, but, if possible,



CUBICAL.

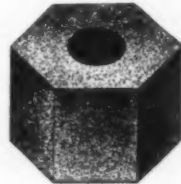
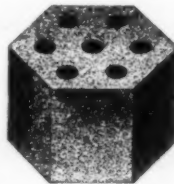


SPHERO-HEXAGONAL.

QUICK-BURNING BLACK POWDERS.

to make one burn so that more gas would be forming when the shot got near the muzzle than was forming when it started from the breech, because there is more room behind the shot when it nears the muzzle, and it therefore takes more gas to keep up the same pressure against its base.

To accomplish this, and to make the grains lie so that there should be spaces evenly dis-



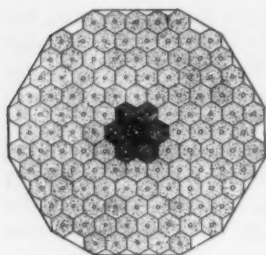
SLOW-BURNING BROWN POWDERS.

tributed among them to allow the flame to reach every grain at once, causing all of them to begin burning together, grains were made of regular shapes, and each shape was tried to see

how nearly it gave the desired results. Thus there have been used round grains, square grains, sphero-hexagonal grains, cylindrical grains, and

prismatic grains.

Of course it is impossible to make a grain which will have more and more surface to burn the smaller it gets, so the best result which has thus far been obtained is only an



A LAYER OF GRAINS.

approach to it, and this is obtained with a hexagonal prismatic grain about one inch high and an inch and a half in diameter, with a hole, or several holes, through it.

To form a charge for a big gun these grains are stacked up close together with the holes all in line, putting just grains enough in each layer to make it a little smaller around than the powder chamber of the gun, and when enough have been piled up to make the proper weight for the charge, a woolen serge bag just the right size and shape is drawn down over the stack of grains and tied at the mouth. When this charge is set on fire in the gun the flame passes through the holes in the grains, and each grain burns from the center outward.

Such charges of powder, as made up for cannon to-day, weigh from fifteen pounds to one thousand pounds, and drive shots of twice their weight over distances varying from four to eight miles.

So long as the weight of the shot and powder

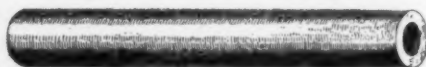


FIXED AMMUNITION.

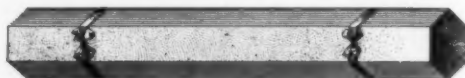
together is not too great to be lifted by one man, the powder can be put in a cylindrical brass case, instead of a serge bag, and the open end of this case is crimped on to the base of the projectile, thus making up what is called

fixed ammunition. The brass case fits in the gun, and is not injured when the gun is fired, but can be refilled at leisure. Fixed ammunition can be very quickly handled, you see, and leaves no residue in the gun. Cannon, moreover, are no longer loaded from the muzzle, but from the breech, and the breech is closed after loading by a big steel plug which is shoved in and locked in various ways.

The noise when one of the largest cannon is



EARLIER FORMS OF THE SMOKELESS POWDERS.

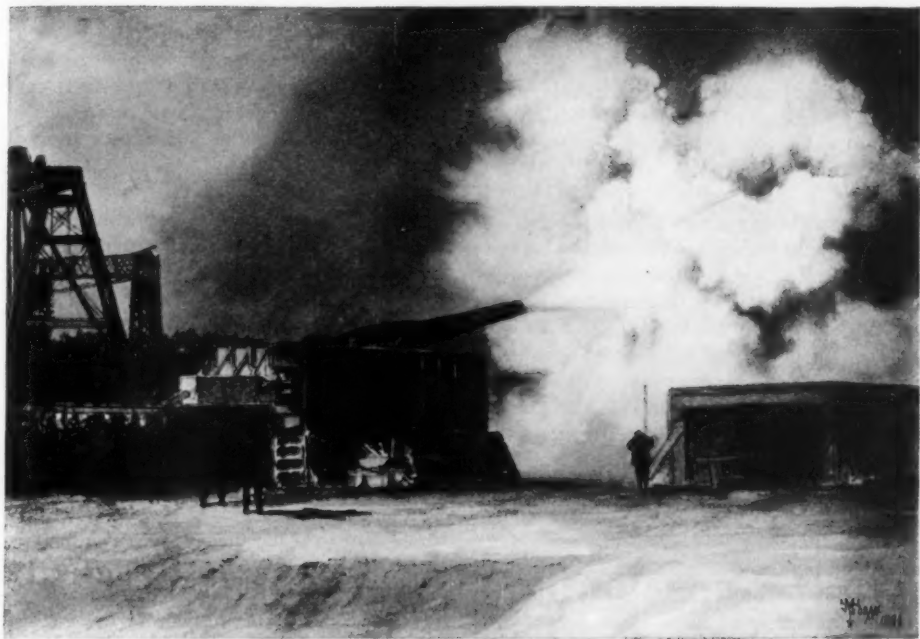


SMOKELESS POWDER NOW IN USE.

fired with a charge of slow-burning powder, although heavy and jarring, is not so sharp and painful as that of smaller cannon with quick-burning powders. If a grain of cocoa powder be burnt in the open air it will not flash off like black powder, but will burn steadily and for an appreciable time before being consumed.

Only a few years ago military chemists began in several countries to make gunpowders which would give off no smoke. To accomplish this they had to abandon saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal,

and use "high explosives," which are turned almost wholly into gas when set on fire. Several such powders are now made, and they drive the projectiles from the guns even faster than the old powder, while the strain on the



DRAWN BY THOMAS MORAN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FIRING A TWELVE-INCH CANNON, WITH 440 POUNDS OF SLOW-BURNING POWDER.

guns remains about the same or less, and there is either no smoke whatever when they are fired, or only a little haze which quickly disappears.

Our country makes such a powder out of an explosive called guncotton. It begins to look, therefore, as if Roger Bacon's gunpowder, and even the more modern, slow-burning powders, were to be set aside soon in favor of this more powerful, smokeless powder. The best of the latter only lack one quality now to make them in every way superior, and that is unchangeableness with age. Their substances, by absorbing moisture or other elements in the air, or by heat, are constantly tending to change their state, and this may make the powder dangerous, even when stored away. The smokeless powders are, therefore, now being tested by time, heat, cold, and moisture, and should any successfully stand these tests, it will almost entirely take the place of the other powder in human warfare.

This new powder is even more curious in

its shapes and appearance than cocoa powder. It is the color of mucilage, and until recently was made in slim sticks, some kinds being round with holes through them, like macaroni, while others were no larger than vermicelli. The latest powder is made in thin strips of different sizes according to the size of the gun; that for our largest guns is in strips two feet long, nearly two inches wide, and an eighth of an inch thick. If a strip of this powder is set on fire it will burn very fast, with a bright white light, and sometimes it sputters and gives off sparks.

The gunpowder of to-day may, therefore, be divided up into three classes: quick-burning powders, which are black, slow-burning powders, which are brown, and smokeless powders. Quick-burning black powders are used in all small arms, and in the smaller cannon. Slow-burning brown powders are used in all large cannon, while smokeless powders may soon take the place of both the others in all guns.

A STORY OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

BY CHARLES H. BODDER.

ON the night of the 14th of March, 1863, Admiral Farragut had planned to pass the batteries of Port Hudson, on the Mississippi; to clear the river of all fortifications between Port Hudson and Vicksburg; to blockade the Red River; and, with a portion of his fleet, to co-operate with Grant at Vicksburg.

The vessels which were to pass these fortifications were the sloop-of-war "Hartford," the frigate "Mississippi," the sloop-of-war "Richmond," and the gunboats "Albatross," and "Genesee."

The batteries of Port Hudson were situated on a high bluff, and erected to operate against land and naval forces. They were five in number, mounting from one to three heavy siege-guns each, and were arranged in the form of a crescent.

It was planned that the shipping should make the attack at night, and pass the batteries; and, as soon as this was accomplished, the army in the rear of Port Hudson, under the command of General Banks, was to make an assault upon the Confederate works in the rear.

The senior commanding officer, next to Farragut, was Captain James Alden, of the United States sloop-of-war Richmond.

The United States sloop-of-war Hartford was the flag-ship of the fleet; but when the Admiral was on any other vessel, his flag was hoisted on that vessel during his stay on board, and she would be considered as the flag-ship.

The naval attack on that night proved in a measure disastrous to us.

The Hartford led the van with the Albatross lashed to her side; next came the Mississippi, followed by the Richmond, with the Genesee lashed to her side.

The batteries were situated on the right-hand side, ascending the river, and the gunboats were lashed to the port (or left-hand) sides of the sloops-of-war as they went up the river.

On the Richmond was a boy who, from his keenness of sight, agility, and mischievousness, had earned for himself the title of "Monkey," which was shortened to "Monk." He was a general favorite among officers and men, and his position, as signal-boy, brought him in close contact with the senior officers, as the station to which he was assigned in action was abaft, on the poop deck.

The night of the attack was a dark night, and the current was running at the rate of about eight miles an hour; against this current the vessels had to make their way. The batteries extended for a distance of four miles.

The Hartford succeeded in passing and getting above the fortifications, with the gunboat Albatross. The Richmond had passed all except the upper battery; but as she was turning the point above, a plunging shot from one of the lower batteries struck her, cutting one of her steam pipes, which rendered her helpless. The Genesee, the vessel lashed alongside of her, also becoming disabled, they were prevented from proceeding further up the river, and both vessels had to drift at the mercy of the current, and were exposed to the deadly fire from all the batteries.

The Confederates had, in the beginning of the assault, built large fires on the bluff, which enabled them to see the shipping plainly, but confused the sight of the gunners on the ships.

The Mississippi ran aground opposite the third battery and became a helpless target for the enemy. She was set on fire by the Confederate shells, which compelled her officers and crew to abandon her. Toward daylight she floated off, and drifted down the river all ablaze, with her guns going off from the intense heat, and throwing their shells in every direction. She finally blew up six miles below Port Hudson, and what remained of her wreck sank beneath the waters of her namesake.

The Richmond and Genesee floated down the river, taking up the positions they occupied previous to the engagement. They lowered their boats and sent them out to row about and pick up any officers and men who might luckily have escaped from the ill-fated Mississippi.

Admiral Farragut had succeeded in blockading the Red River, and destroying all fortifications of any note between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. Leaving the Hartford and the Albatross to hold the position they had gained, he himself returned, by land, to the lower fleet at



ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

The lower fleet, under the command of Captain James Alden of the Richmond, in coöperation with the army, kept Port Hudson under siege until it was compelled to surrender on the 7th day of July following.

During the interval between the naval attack and the surrender of Port Hudson, Ad-

Port Hudson, which consisted of the Richmond, the gunboats "Monongahela," "Keneo," and Genesee, and four mortar-schooners.

During the time of the siege the Admiral chose the Richmond for his flag-ship.

One afternoon during the month of June, the Admiral came up from dinner from the

captain's cabin, and ascended the ladder to the poop deck, where he found the boy Monk on watch.

One of the duties of the signal-boy was to be on the lookout with a spy-glass to report anything new that he might observe.

"Have you noticed anything new up there?" said the Admiral, addressing the boy, at the same time reaching out for the spy-glass. Monk handed him the glass, touching his cap in salutation.

"Yes, sir," answered Monk; "just above the citadel" (the citadel was the first battery, containing two heavy siege-guns, and commanding the approach from the river) "I noticed the edge of a new earthwork."

"When did you first notice it?" asked the Admiral.

"This morning, sir," replied Monk, "but as I was not certain that it amounted to anything, I thought I would wait and see if it grew any larger before I reported it. It has grown quite considerably during the last hour; I was about to report it just as you came up, sir."

"Take the glass," said the Admiral, handing it back to him, "and look carefully."

The boy looked at the earthwork, and then, addressing the Admiral, said, "They are digging there. I can see when they throw the dirt, but I cannot see the men."

The Admiral again took the glass, and after a moment's scrutiny, lowered it, and looking kindly on the boy, said, "You have very keen sight, my lad; I can see the new earth myself, but cannot distinguish the operation."

At this moment Captain Alden joined the Admiral.

"Alden," said the Admiral, "this youngster has sharp eyes."

"Yes," answered the captain, "there is not a man or boy on board whose eyesight is as keen and as far-reaching as his. I have known him to distinguish the different colors of lights at sea when all others failed to do so."

"He has discovered a new earthwork in preparation up there among the batteries," said the Admiral.

"Where?" asked the captain, with eagerness, and addressing himself to Monk.

"Just beyond the citadel, sir," said Monk.

"Suppose we go up and see what it is," said the Admiral.

"With pleasure," replied Captain Alden.

"Mr. Boyd," said the captain, to the officer of the deck, "have Mr. Terry come on deck." Mr. Terry was the executive officer.

"Mr. Terry," said the captain, "beat to quarters, and stand by to slip the cable. Man the starboard battery."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a moment, the drum and fife were heard; then there was the usual rush of the officers and men hither and thither to reach their stations, and the noise of casting loose the guns, placing the handspikes in their positions, and the unshackling of the cable. After which came a sudden stillness.

Everything being in preparation, the executive officer saluted the captain, and said:

"To quarters, and all ready for slipping, sir."

"Slip cable, sir," ordered the captain.

"One bell, sir," said Mr. Terry, addressing the engineer. One bell is the signal for starting the engine slowly.

At the starting of the engine, the ship moved forward just enough to hold her own against the current.

"Slip the cable," came the order from the executive officer to the forward officer.

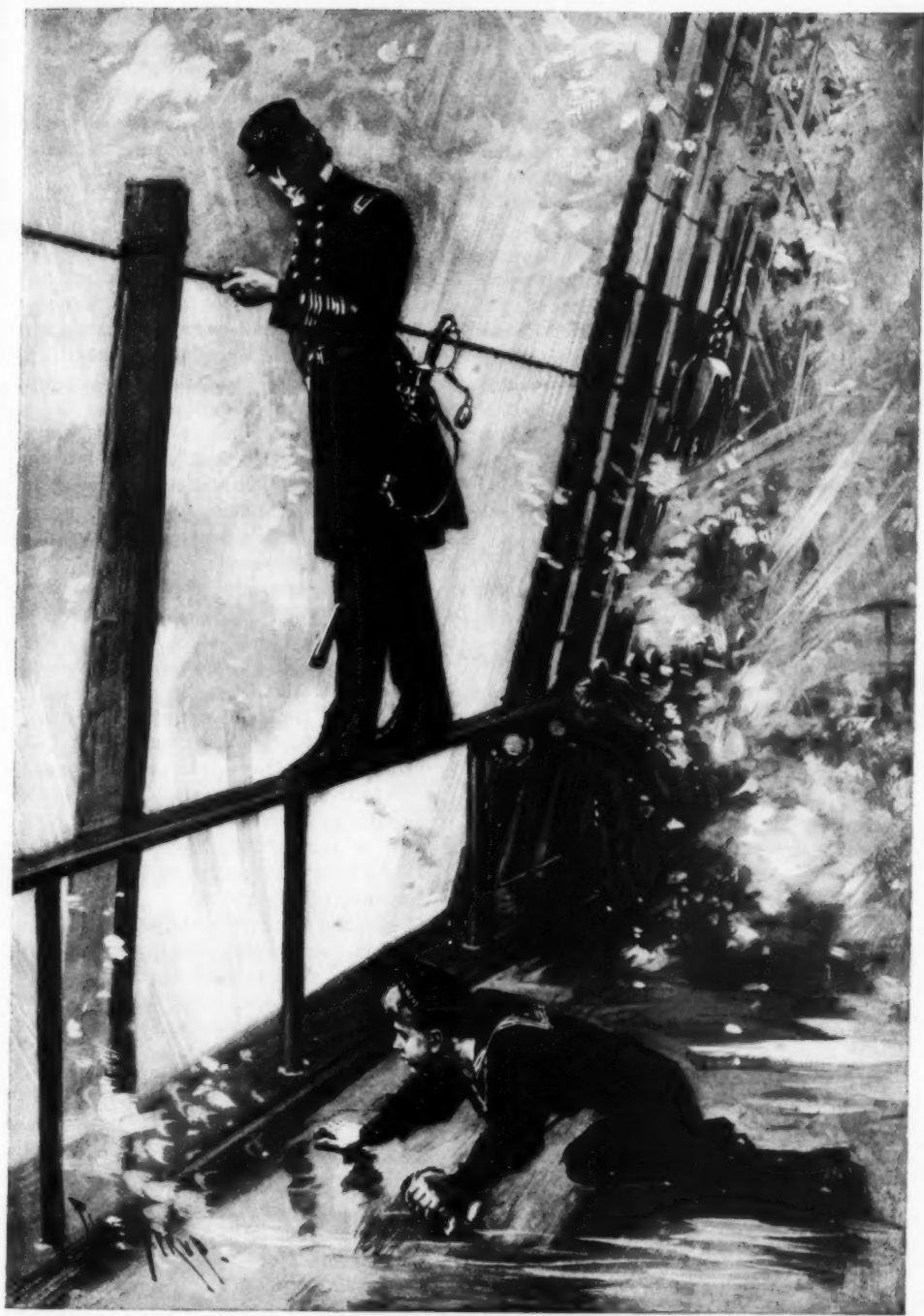
The cable was slipped, and the moment the ship was freed from her moorings, the executive officer ordered the engineer to give her four bells, which means, "Go ahead at full speed."

Captain Alden and the executive officer went forward and occupied the bridge amidships, leaving the Admiral and the boy Monk the only occupants of the poop deck.

As the ship approached the batteries, she was greeted with a shot from one of the upper batteries, which fell short of its mark; the Admiral was standing on the rail of the poop deck, and he was holding on to the awning-rope to steady himself.

Monk was standing by him on the deck, looking through the spy-glass at the batteries we were approaching. A puff of smoke came from the upper battery, and Monk, lowering the glass, said, "Admiral, here comes the Lady Davis."

In the upper battery was an 84-pound rifled gun, which we in the fleet had nicknamed the



"THE SHELL SENT UP A COLUMN OF WATER WHICH NEARLY DELUGED BOTH THE ADMIRAL AND MONK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Lady Davis." This gun had the longest range of all the guns in the Confederate fortifications.

In a few seconds the report of the gun was heard, followed by a terrific shrieking of the shell; so certain did it seem to Monk, from the fast approaching sound, that the shell would strike the ship near him, that he dropped to the deck, taking shelter under the rail.

He was not much mistaken in his judgment. The shell struck the water directly beneath where the Admiral and he were. It sent up a column of water which nearly deluged both the Admiral and Monk. But this did not visibly cause the least movement on the part of the Admiral, or the slightest change in his countenance excepting a slight smile.

There was one thing that Admiral Farragut was never known to do, and that was to bow his head to a shot, no matter how near it came to him.

The Admiral, turning, said to Monk:

"Why did you lie down?"

"I thought," answered Monk, "that the shot was going to strike us—"

"Well, suppose it had?" asked the Admiral. "Would n't it have struck you just the same whether you were lying down or standing up?"

"It might, sir," said Monk. "But I am a little higher when I am standing up, and it would have had more chances to hit me."

Some officers of the fleet had circulated among the men the idea that when the sound of a shot or shell was heard in the air, the missile had passed.

"They won't fool me any more by saying the shot has passed when you hear the sound," muttered Monk in an undertone.

"No, not very well, after this," said the Admiral, smiling.

On regaining his feet, Monk saw a slight tinge in the cheeks of the Admiral, and perceived also that his lips were compressed with a determined expression. He heard Farragut say, just above a whisper: "Well, I will pay them for that shot."

"You go," said the Admiral, addressing Monk, "and tell Captain Alden to man both batteries; and go up within range of the upper battery, and give it a broadside from our star-

board battery; and then turn, and give it a broadside from our port battery!"

This message Monk quickly delivered.

On proceeding up the river, it was found that the enemy had mounted four guns, and were preparing to mount others.

They opened fire from this new battery. The fire was returned from the starboard battery, which completely demolished the whole earthwork, guns and all. Then, bringing the starboard guns to bear on the upper battery, the ship gave that a broadside, and turning, repeated the broadside with the port battery, as the Admiral had ordered. Then we returned down the river to our old anchorage.

A few days after, some of our men ashore took a negro prisoner, and brought him on board of our ship. On the evening following this capture, Monk finding the darky, whose name was Cato, forward among the men, the following dialogue ensued:

"Say, Cato, how long were you in Port Hudson?"

"I was dar 'bout free mon's."

"What did you do up there?"

"I cooked fer de of'cers."

"What were you doing when caught?"

"Bress my soul, honey, Ah was a-fishin'."

"Did you have time up there to go fishing?"

"Ah had ter ketch fish, honey, or dey would n't er had nuffin' for to eat."

"Did n't you have any bread and meat?"

"We use' ter have; afore dat day w'en dis ship cum up dar, fightin' us."

"Did many of them get hurt that day?"

"Umph, umph, honey, dat dey did! W'en dis ship fired all dem guns at one time at dat battery, way up yander, one o' de shells busted inside de mill 'ouse, an' blowed de mill all ter pieces, an' now dey has ter poun' de co'n in a mortar cause dey ain't got no mill to grin' it."

"Say, Cato, what 's the matter with that big rifled gun, up there? I have n't heard it for some days."

"He, he, he!" laughed the negro. "W'y, dat same day one o' de shot from dis ship knocked de muzzle off!"

"Well," said Monk, just before he dropped asleep that night. "The Admiral did pay them back for that shot!"

THE LOST PRINCESS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

II.

THE next morning the prince rose early, and, dressing himself in a plain suit without ornament or sign of his rank, he set forth from the palace on foot, taking a road that led him westward. Upon his back was a student's knapsack, and in his hand he carried a walking-staff. He wore no weapons, and had only a cloak to protect him from the weather.

As he came to a cross-roads, a little dog came trotting along a side road, and stopped under the sign-post. He wagged his tail as the prince came up; and the prince spoke to him, as one will to a stray dog.

"Poor doggie! — nice fellow!" said the prince.

He had not expected an answer, for at the moment he had forgotten he could understand dog language. So he was surprised when the dog's barking came to his ears in these words:

"You look like a pleasant sort of chap. Take me with you!"

And the prince answered the request, also in the dog language:

"Come along, if you like; but I don't know just where or even how far I'm going."

Then the dog was delighted. He stood on three legs, on one leg, and danced about as if beside himself, saying at the same time:

"All right, my boy! You can't go too far to



THE DWARF AND HIS GIANTS
AT DINNER.
(SEE PAGE 770.)

please me. So long as bones grow all over the world, I'm content. Come along quick! What are you waiting for?"

And then the dog ran on ahead, turning every now and then to see if the prince was following.

So long as the prince could be seen from the palace he kept to the road; but when the road turned from the direct western course, he left it and entered the woods. There he went softly, peering into the darkest nooks and corners, which the dog thought great fun.



"THE GROWLING CEASED AND THE LIONS GATHERED CLOSE ABOUT HIM." (SEE PAGE 770.)

As he came out from behind the trunk of a great oak, a fine stag with wide-branching antlers leaped up from where it was couched, and trembled, as it paused for an instant. Then, before the stag could bound away, the prince spoke in a strange language. And the stag lost its fear, but gazed wonderingly into his eyes.

"Stag of ten," said the prince, "take me on your back, if you be strong."

Then the stag crouched again, and the prince climbed upon his back, and held to the antlers. Then away they went through the forest for many a mile, the little dog doing his best to keep up, till the trees were smaller and smaller, and at last were but stunted and gnarled, for they grew in sandy soil. The stag stopped, and the prince alighted and walked away, waving his hand to the stag, who nodded his head three times before bounding back into the forest.

"That was a good run!" remarked the dog, as soon as he could catch his breath. "Next time I wish you'd let me ride too. I was n't brought up as a deer-hound, you know. If you often travel that way, what you ought to have is a greyhound — one of those wire-work trembling creatures that trot sideways."

"I'm afraid the next stage of my journey will be even less pleasant for you," said the prince.

"No matter," said the little dog, bravely. "I like a lively time."

Still the prince went westward, and came soon to the shore of a great sea. Looking about on the beach, the prince at last espied a crab scuttling after a spent wave. The prince called in a strange language, and the crab stopped with his claws in air, and waited till the prince came near. The prince spoke again, and the crab clapped his claws together and sidled into the sea.

"Now *he* moves like a greyhound — awkward thing!" said the little dog, with his head on one side.

"You don't seem to like greyhounds," said the prince, smiling.

"No," said the dog; "one of them stole a bone I had hidden for my birthday-dinner two years ago."

The prince made no reply, but waited, looking over the waves.

After a time he saw a great shark's fin cutting

the water swiftly toward him; and the prince waded out with the dog in his arms, and met the shark, and got upon his back. Then the shark turned and swam westward faster than any boat can sail.

"This is better than being a water-spaniel," said the little dog gleefully.

And just as the sun was sinking into the sea, they came to a rock that rose alone out of the waves that whipped themselves into white foam on its sharp edges. And the prince and his little follower clambered over the rough stones and the shark swam back the way he had come.

Tired by his long journey, the prince lay upon a smooth rock, with the dog close beside him, and slept soundly till the morning sun shone into his eyes and awakened him.

He rose and clambered up the rock, toiling and scrambling, until he came to a high wall built of smooth stones and defended at the top by sharp spikes of glistening steel. Then the prince walked along the outside of the great wall until he found a gateway closed by two steel doors thickly studded with nails. The prince pounded with his staff upon the doors, but no one came, and he heard no sound but his own hammering.

"They don't seem to be in," said the dog, thoughtfully. "Suppose I howl a little. I can howl splendidly! Shall I?"

"No, thank you!" said the prince.

At last a little green lizard poked his nose from between two stones at the prince's feet, and squeaked softly.

The prince turned, looked down, and said in a strange language, as if in answer to a question, "Only a wandering prince, who wishes to get through the gateway, or over the wall."

"Why didn't you call upon me, then?" answered the green lizard, in the same language, at once coming boldly out. "Have you a bit of twine?"

"Yes," said the prince, "and a rope as well"; and he took a light silk cord and a silk rope from his knapsack.

"Give me the end of the cord," said the lizard.

He took the end in his little jaws and ran up the wall as easily as a fly walks up a pane of glass. Reaching the top, the lizard carried the

cord around two of the spikes, and came down again as he had gone up.

"Well done!" said the prince, patting the lizard gently on the head with his forefinger.

"He 's smarter than a trained French poodle!" said the dog, admiringly. "Bravo, greeny!" But the lizard scampered away without a word more.

Then the prince tied the rope to an end of the cord, and drew it up until it passed around the two spikes and came down along the lizard's path. It was an easy matter then to clamber up; and, after hoisting the little dog up in a loop, the prince let the dog and himself down inside the wall.

Before him he saw a great castle surrounding a lofty stone tower, so high that there were clouds about its top, hiding its upper part. To the great door of the castle the prince walked without meeting any one. It required all his strength to push open the door; but at last it yielded, and the prince and his companion entered a gloomy hallway that was damp and cold and silent.

"This is about as cheerful as the pound," remarked his little friend, sniffing about uneasily. "I was in the pound once — whew!"

But while the prince paused, uncertain where to go, he heard a roar of laughter, and a pounding and a clatter from the left. He walked boldly along the hall until he reached a doorway hung with black curtains spangled with silver stars. He thrust aside the curtains and entered the room.

The room was the dining-hall of the castle, and at the head of a long table sat an ugly dwarf, with a gray beard. He was dressed in black, and wore a scarlet feather in his pointed cap. Upon his right and left sat two giants, one with bright red hair and beard, and the other with hair and beard of a dull yellow. Next to the giants were two immense men, only a little shorter; and next to these were two shorter still, and so it continued down each side of the table until the middle was reached. From the middle the diners were women, and these increased in size as the men had decreased, until, at the foot of the table, were two giantesses, between whom sat the dwarf's wife — as tiny as he was and twice as disagreeable.

The men were fierce-looking fellows, and each wore a sword or dagger; and the women were, like their husbands, ugly creatures.

"Oho, aha, oho!" cried the little dwarf, as he saw the prince at the door. "Oho-o! Here is a new guest; and one who is n't invited! Somebody left the gate open, and this fellow wandered in. What do you want here?"

"I came," said the prince, "to free my sister whom you carried off many years ago."

"Oho!" laughed the little dwarf. "You are a brave prince, indeed! See," he went on, turning to his strange company, "this little fellow comes to rescue the princess who lives in the high tower. Is n't he a brave youngster?"

Thereupon the giants, and giantesses, and the whole row of guests laughed until the dishes clattered.

"I told you," the dwarf went on, still addressing his followers, "that to-day was the fated day when the prince would come. But I thought he would bring his whole army and his whole fleet of ships at least. And I promised you a famous battle by land and sea; but no matter —" and then rising to his feet, he went on in verse:

"Instead of many warriors slain
And soldiers beaten to a mince,
Our loss shall be the lions' gain —
For they shall feast upon a prince!"

The dwarf made a sign to the two giants who sat beside him, and in a twinkling they rushed upon the little prince. In spite of his struggles they carried him through a long hall, and binding him hand and foot, lowered him at the end of a rope down into a dark pit. But the little dog ran under the table, and was not noticed.

For some time the prince saw nothing and heard only a muffled growling; but at length he made out pairs of bright spots in the darkness, and knew that these were the eyes of the lions. And presently, when the growling came nearer, the prince spoke in a strange language.

At once the growling ceased, and the lions gathered close about him.

"Are you friends of the black dwarf?" asked the prince.

"No!" the lions answered. "We despise and hate him. But what could we do? His giants

caught us and have kept us here in the dark pit, starving us so that we have had to eat the persons thrown to us."

"Suppose I help you out," said the prince, "will you then help me—will you drive away the giants and other servants of the dwarf?"

"Gladly!" roared the lions, all together. "But how can you let us out?"

"Only gnaw the ropes with which I am tied," replied the prince, "and I will find a way."

So the lions very carefully cut the ropes with their sharp teeth, and in a short time the prince was at liberty.

"First," said the prince, "we need light."

Then he looked carefully about (for his eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness) until he found a spider. He spoke softly to the spider, and the spider climbed his long web, up to the top of the pit.

"What are you going to do?" the lions grumbled, for they were becoming impatient.

"Wait and you shall soon see," was the answer the prince made to them. And before long the spider came back attended by a host of fireflies. And the fireflies were stationed regularly about the sides of the pit, half turning on their light while the other half turned theirs off. Thus the pit was faintly lighted.

"Now," said the prince to the lions, "let the strongest lion come and stand with his forepaws against the side of the pit. Let the next strongest stand upon his back, and so on until I am able to climb out. Then I will release you all, if I can find out how to open the gate that leads into this pit."

"There is no need of that," said the spider. "I know how to open the gate. Come with me, when you escape from the pit."

So the lions made a living ladder as the prince had directed them, and bounding over their soft backs, and holding on by their tawny manes, he was soon out of the pit.

The spider, having climbed his long silk ladder, was awaiting the prince, and now ran down the hall before him. A dozen of the fireflies led the way, and made all bright. At the end of the hall, the prince came to a stone stairway; and, following the spider down these steps, he came to the barred gate that kept the lions in the pit. The key was in the gate, and by a turn

of the hand the lock flew back, and the gate flew open.

The lions bounded up the stairway, rushed through the hall, reached the dining-hall, sprang through the curtained doorway, and then—what a noise and confusion there was as the giants and dwarfs tried to get away!

In a few moments the room was cleared, and all except the black dwarf had already escaped into the courtyard when the prince entered the door. The dwarf, when he heard the roaring of the furious beasts, guessed what had happened, and he sought for his magic wand that had been on the table at his side. But the clever little dog had slyly stolen it and now held it safely under the table. The dwarf, not being able to find his wand, sprang from his chair to the table; and then, climbing a knotted rope that hung from the vaulted roof, he had perched himself upon a crystal ball that hung in mid-air.

"Oho—aha!" he cried, as he saw the prince enter. "You are a clever prince, I see, as well as a brave one. But you are not yet through with the black dwarf!"

As he ended, he struck the crystal ball with his sword. The ball was shattered, the pieces jingled down upon the table, and all was dark.

Gradually the light returned as the sun rose, and the prince found himself with his little follower on the rocky island upon which the dwarf's castle had stood. No trace of the wall or the great stone castle was to be seen, and the black dwarf and all his people, the lions even, had vanished. The rocks were bare and weather-beaten.

The little dog was muttering to himself in a low tone. "I forgot all about that crystal ball!" said he, "and no doubt he recovered his wand in the confusion!"

"What did you say?" asked the prince.

"Talking to myself," said the little dog, and pretended to snap at flies.

The prince was amazed, and sat down to think what he should do next. At length he happened to look upward, and above him, high in air, he was amazed to see the lofty tower floating without support, but motionless as if founded upon the rock.



THE PRINCE MEETS THE LITTLE DOG.

"I must find some way of sending word to my dear sister!" the prince exclaimed, and, seeing a dragon-fly near him, he spoke in a strange language, and begged the insect's help.

"I beg you," said he, "to fly up to the floating tower, and carry a note to the princess whom you will find there. It tells her that her brother is below upon the rocky island; and that he has come to save her."

"You might mention that I'm here, too," said the little dog. But the dragon-fly did n't understand dog-language, and thought only that the little dog was barking at him. So, when the prince had written the note the dragon-fly buzzed away on his errand carrying the little slip of paper, one corner of which he held in his queer mouth.

Rising in circles higher and higher, the good dragon-fly made his way upward. Soon he circled down again like a hawk. Almost out of breath the dragon-fly alighted on the prince's shoulder, bringing the princess's answer.



STEALING THE WAND.

"The rock will soon sink beneath the waves," said the note. "I will lower a rope to you. I shall at once tear my silk curtains and my coverlets to shreds, and then twist them into a rope. I will try to save you."

"If the princess should not be in time," said the prince, "I shall need the help of the fishes"; and he went down to the water's edge. But for a long time no fish came within hearing. The prince meanwhile began to be alarmed, for he noticed that the edge of the rock was soaking up the water and crumbling off as sugar does. At every moment the island was smaller than it had been.

The prince looked up toward the floating tower, and he could see descend-

ing from it a long, slender line that swayed to and fro in the wind, and slowly grew longer. But the prince could see that the rock would sink into the sea long before the line could reach him.

The prince turned to a fly that was buzzing around him.



THE LITTLE

DOG IS HOISTED UP.

"Come, lithe prince, am lost. I Go down near fish to the sur-way. Be on will be too

"For your

tle bluebottle," said "unless you help me I must speak to a fish. the water and bring a face. I see no other the watch, and you quick for the fish." sister's sake, I will do

as you ask," said the fly, sighing deeply. "But I take a great risk!"

So he flew straight to the sea, and skimmed along near the surface, and the prince watched him sharply. Meanwhile the rock was crumbling, crumbling, and the line was lowered every moment further downward, but still hung far beyond reach.

At last, just as the rock was reduced to a very small piece, so small that the little dog's



THE PRINCE.

legs were in the water, the prince saw a silvery gleam as a tiny fish shot into the air after the frightened insect.

"Brother of the Scales!" cried the prince, in a strange tongue, "come to me—I need thee!"

At once the little fish swam close inshore, and poked his nose above the waves.

"Swim, swim fast," cried the prince, "and bring hither the first big fish or tortoise you meet. He must hold me up. Quick, quick!"

"And bring a little one for me!" called the little dog, lifting first one leg and then the other out of the rising waves,—"anything will do, even a slippery horseshoe crab!"

But the fish could not understand what the dog said.

Away flashed the little fish, and the prince, looking down, saw that the rock would be all gone in a moment more. But just as the last piece of rock sank beneath them, the little fish returned piloting a great tortoise. With a great leap, the prince stood upon the shell, as the rock sank out of sight, and the little fish swam away. The little dog also sprang to the tortoise's back.

"Just in time!" exclaimed the prince.

Basking lazily on the surface, the tortoise supported the little prince while the long silk line was slowly lowered until it came within reach. Then the prince seized the end of the line, took his little dog on his back, and began to climb upward.

It was a long, hard climb, and had it not been for the knots that were tied at intervals, the

prince could not have reached the tower. But he rested at the larger knots, and thus gained strength to go on. Upward and upward he climbed, and at last had reached the base of the floating tower.

Here he sat himself down to rest for a moment, and then grasped the rope once more, intending to climb to the window of the princess's prison. But as he began to ascend the rope, a heavy cloud gathered around the upper part of the tower, and it grew thicker and thicker until the prince could no longer see through it.

Nevertheless, the brave prince climbed on, and won his way up through the cloud, and at last stood upright upon it, while the little dog ran about his feet, poking into the softer parts of the snow-like cloud they stood upon.

But the tower was gone!—and all that the prince could see was a great black bat, flying away. Upon its back was the princess and the black dwarf. The princess had bowed her head in her hands, and seemed to be weeping; but the black dwarf, with arms akimbo, was laughing heartily at the discouraged prince.

The prince was for a moment in despair; but looking quickly around, he saw an eagle flying in lazy circles overhead; and the prince put both his hands to his mouth, and cried as loud as he could in the language of eagles:

"King of Air Cleavers! Come, help me!"

Hearing the cry, the eagle dropped from the sky like a lump of lead, until he alighted upon the cloud. Then the prince spoke to him in the bird-tongue, and, clambering upon his feathered back, with the faithful dog in his arms, set forth in pursuit of the bat.



ASLEEP UPON THE ISLAND.

Whiz!—and they had gone a league in pursuit. Whiz, whiz, whiz!—and they were beside the bat.

The princess stretched out her arms to her brother, and, leaving the little dog on the eagle's back, the prince leaped from the eagle to the bat, and caught the black dwarf by the throat.

How angry was the little dwarf! He raised

a little black ring he drew from beneath his cloak, and in an instant more would have changed the prince into — who can tell what? But at that moment the clever princess caught the ring from the dwarf's upraised hand, and threw it far from them into the sea.

Where it fell the water hissed and was blackened as if it was changed to ink; and down went the ring to the bottom. And as soon as the ring was taken from him, the black dwarf seemed to lose all power. He sank back upon the bat's fur, and lay there exhausted, quite at the prince's mercy.

"Let me go!" he gasped out; "let me go, and I will harm you no more!"

The prince at once released him, and the grumbling dwarf arose to his feet.

"Now," said the prince, "drive the bat to our own country!"

The dwarf seated himself upon the bat's neck, and, taking hold of its ears, turned the bat around toward the kingdom whence the prince and his sister had come. Softly and smoothly they fanned their way through the air, the eagle following with the little dog, while the prince stood just behind the dwarf to guard against any treachery. But the loss of his ring seemed to have taken away the dwarf's courage, and he never turned his head or spoke a word.

When they arrived at the shore of the great sea, the prince said to the dwarf:

"Let the bat descend so that we may alight upon the beach."

The dwarf obeyed, and both eagle and bat soared downward in great circles, and at last skimmed so close to the beach that the prince took his sister's hand, and both jumped to the soft sand unhurt.

A moment afterward the little dog also jumped to the ground, and the eagle flew swiftly away.

Then the bat flew to one of the stunted trees near the shore, and hung himself head downward from a dead branch, while the black dwarf slid from his back, and came across the beach to where the prince and princess stood.

"Noble prince," said the dwarf, very humbly, "I have done you a great wrong, and I deserve no kindness at your hands. You have taken away my art, and I have lost all my power.

Now, if you will give me back my ring, I will grant you in return all that I have deprived you of these many years."

"But how can I give you the power of again doing evil?" asked the prince. "That would not be right."

"I will do no more evil," said the black dwarf. "There is a vow that no creature of the magic world dare break. I will swear to you by the great seal of Solomon himself to do no more evil, and I will undo all the mischief I have done, if you will restore my ring to me."

"Grant his request," said a voice from behind the prince, where, a moment before, the little dog had been standing.

The prince turned, and there stood the Green Magician.

"The Green Magician!" exclaimed the prince in wonder.

"Yes," he replied; "though you thought me but a poor little lost dog, you were ever kind to me, and I helped you as the kind-hearted are always helped. Now you have conquered, and need have no fear."

"I grant your request," said the prince at once, turning to the dwarf.

"Then write upon this shell," the black dwarf replied, picking up a white shell from the beach at their feet, "an order to the creatures of the sea to restore my ring."

The prince wrote a few words upon the shell, scratching them with a broken piece of flint, and by the black dwarf's direction cast the shell into the sea.

Hardly had the shell disappeared beneath the waves when a green lobster came from the waves and slowly crawled up to the dwarf, bearing the magic ring tightly gripped in one of his pincers.

Eagerly the black dwarf stooped and seized the ring. Then, rising to his feet, he waved the ring above the heads of the prince and princess, crying out:

"Turn back, turn back,
Ye fleeting years;
Let nothing be
That now appears!
Let all things be
As if I never
Had tried this loving
Pair to sever!"

Then was heard a rumbling, grumbling, crumbling peal as of distant thunder—the black dwarf and the Green Magician vanished, and, as the sound died away, there was a great change.

In an instant, all the years that had passed since the christening-dinner became nothing. Once more the prince and princess were babies in the arms of their nurses, and once more the king was just finishing his little speech.

But this time no darkness interrupted, no black dwarf appeared, and nothing happened to cause grief to the king, the queen, or their people. All returned home from the feast, and when the king and queen found themselves once more in the palace, the king turned to his wife, and said:

“My dear, that was a very wise plan of yours—inviting everybody to the christening dinner. No one was offended, no witch or evil spirit said a word to bring unhappiness to our dear children.”

“Certainly we were very fortunate,” the queen replied, as she bent over the pretty twins and kissed them.

“And I believe they will have long and happy lives—bless their little hearts!”

And so they did, after that.

No one remembered anything about the black dwarf and the tower and all the rest except the Green Magician; and he was the only

creature who could have explained a very singular circumstance. Who else could understand how it was that the prince, as he grew up, knew the languages of all creatures; or why it



THE PRINCE KNEW THE LANGUAGES OF ALL CREATURES.

was that the princess was always so very fond and proud of her brother?

The little Green Magician, however, wrote out the whole story in his big book; and from that book I copied it word for word, just as it is here, except that I corrected his spelling.





A CHAIN OF LADDERS.
(SEE PAGE 778.)

A SCHOOL FOR FIREMEN.

By CHARLES THAXTER HILL.

No branch of the public service in our greater cities is more popular than the Fire Department.

Because of our peaceable relations with foreign nations we do not require a large standing-army, and for that reason there are fewer soldiers to admire than in European countries. But in our brave firemen, ever ready to respond to the call for help, to face danger and perhaps death at any moment, we find a class worthy of hero-worship, and deserving of whatever praise they may receive.

The rattle and dash of the engines, the clanging of the bells, and the mad gallop of the horses on their way to a fire are always exciting, and staid indeed must be the boy or man who can

resist the temptation to follow them to the scene of action.

When we watch the men working at a fire, occupying most perilous and hazardous positions, on the roofs of buildings and upon ladders, suffering tortures from smoke and flames, we can scarce suppress exclamations of admiration for the daring manner in which they so coolly face what seems to our eyes almost certain death.

Every city in the United States shows local pride in its firemen. Each claims that its department is one of the best (if not the best) in the country. The rivalry between some of the cities is at times quite amusing, and there is much discussion upon the merits of their own firemen; but New York City undoubtedly occupies to-day the enviable position of having, all things considered, the most thoroughly equipped and most efficient fire-service in the world.

The apparatus is of the best. The horses, selected with care and judgment, are magnificent animals; and the men, picked from those thought to be best adapted for the work they must perform, are subjected to a most rigid physical examination before they are admitted to the service, and afterward are trained in a school of instruction at Fire Headquarters that is complete in itself.

A description of this school will no doubt be interesting to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and especially so at this time, for a picked crew of eleven men, together with the instructor of the school, Captain H. W. McAdams, are about to leave for England, for the purpose of taking part in the International Firemen's Tournament which is to be held in London during the month of June.

The school was organized in February, 1883, primarily for the purpose of instructing the men

of the different companies in the use of the "scaling-ladder," which had then just been introduced in the department. It gradually became enlarged in its scope, however, until, with the completion of the new Fire Headquarters building in January, 1887, it became a general school of instruction—not only for the new men admitted on trial (called "probationary firemen"), but for the men already in service—in the use of all life-saving apparatus, and in the many appliances used for fighting a fire.

Before they had this new building, in East 67th Street, the companies were taught the use of the scaling-ladders and life-net at an old sugar warehouse near the foot of West 158th Street and the North River, and here the classes numbered nearly sixty men at a time. But this building was in an out-of-the-way place, and lacked the facilities necessary for instructing the men in raising large extension-ladders, and in the use of the many new tools then being added to the department.

When the new Fire Headquarters building was being completed, a yard designed for this purpose was built at the back of that building. This yard is about one hundred feet square, being well cemented and drained, so that water can be used in the lessons. Here "company drills" were introduced—companies being summoned unexpectedly from different parts of the city, just as they would be called to an actual fire.

When they arrived the engines were started and the men put through all the manoeuvres of battling with the flames. The hose was dragged up the staircase to the top of the building, water was started or shut off, and large quantities were used in the different movements executed in the yard or from the windows at the rear. The men were thus made acquainted with every appliance carried upon the apparatus, and the system perfected in every detail.

Companies received ratings on the books kept by the instructor according to the proficiency they showed at the drills; and some idea of what effect these drills had in improving the service may be gathered from the fact that, when they were started, of the eighty or more companies in the department there were about twenty-one companies in the first grade, nine-

teen in the second, and forty in the third or lowest grade. After three years of instruction, there were only four or five in the last grade,



USING THE SCALING-LADDER. "STRADDLING SILLS."

about fifteen in the second, and fully sixty received the rating of first-grade companies.

It is here, in this yard, where these company drills played so important a part in bringing



"BUILDING A CHAIN."

the New York department to its present point of perfection, that the recruit receives his first instruction in the use of the scaling-ladder, the life-line, and the life-net.

After the new fireman has passed the civil-service and physical examination, in the gymnasium on the fifth floor of the building, he is put into one of the classes drilling in the yard, and

gradually "broken in," being taught how to handle, raise, and balance the ladders before he is allowed to use them at all. Since the ladders weigh from twenty to sixty-five pounds, and are from fourteen to twenty feet in length, it can be seen that it is not easy to manage them. After the novice has mastered this, his opening lesson, he is allowed to go up to the first window, and then, as his confidence increases, to the second, and so on to the top; but he is kept at each window until all nervousness has passed away, for the recruit is at first very nervous, and, as the instructor laughingly remarks, "You can hear his teeth chattering a block away!"

He is soon skilful, and when he finds he can gain the fourth and fifth story with comparative ease, he looks down upon his less proficient companions and laughs at their timidity.

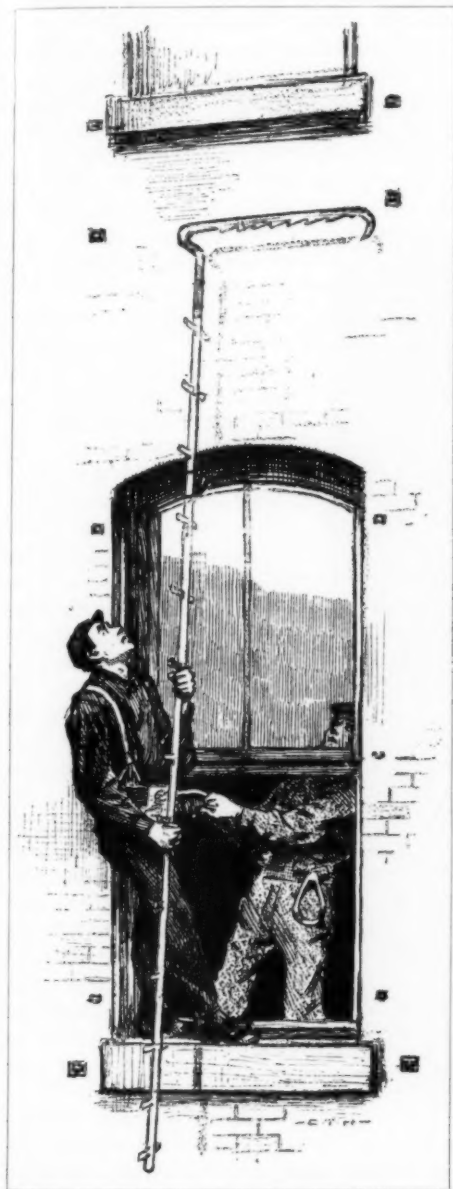
As he becomes more familiar with the handling of the ladders, he is taught how to "build a chain"—a line of ladders from the street to the roof, with a man at each story. In this drill, when the first man reaches the top floor, he fastens himself firmly to the ladder he is on, by means of a large steel "snap" attached to a stout canvas belt which each wears. Then, reaching down, he brings up another ladder; and as he passes it out and over a cornice projecting some three feet from the building, and, releasing himself from his own ladder, climbs nimbly up this frail-looking affair, swinging to and fro in mid-air—the looker-on almost holds his breath and does n't wonder at the "teeth-chattering" referred to by the instructor in his remarks on the school.

This exercise is not indulged in, however,

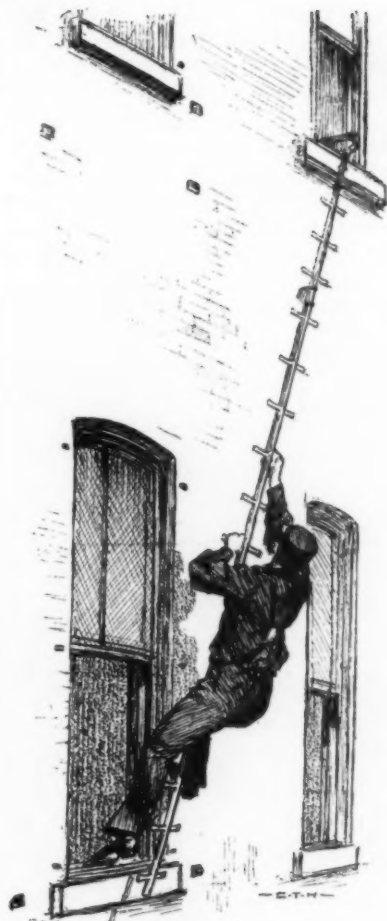


THE BELT, SHOWING THE "SNAP" HOOK AND HATCHET.

until the class has about finished its course at the school, and all are thoroughly proficient in handling the ladders. It is a most thrilling and exciting drill to watch, and you cannot help a



"STANDING ON SILLS."



CLIMBING "EN ÉCHELON."

throb of admiration for the nerve and pluck of men who perform it.

"Straddling sills" is the next instruction the fireman receives. In this drill he sits astride a window-sill, and, holding himself in place by the pressure of his knees against the sides, he pulls up a ladder, and, carefully balancing it, passes its hook into the window above. Then climbing to that window, he goes through the same maneuver, and so on to the top, and then down again.

By this movement one man with one ladder could reach any floor in a burning structure, and by letting down a small rope that he carries

in his belt, haul up a "roof-line," that is, a heavier rope, and thus lower a number of people to safety.

Then comes "Standing on sills." This drill requires two men. One, standing on the sill of a window, is held firmly in place by another inside the window who pulls stoutly upon the steel snap in his belt. The outside man reaches down and, pulling up the ladder, places it in the window above. Both then climb up and their positions are reversed. They are kept at these different exercises until they can per-

To vary the monotony of the ladder drills, between lessons the men are taught how to come down a rope alone, or to bring a person with them. Two turns of the "roof-line" are taken, inside and around the steel snap on the belt, which exert enough friction to act as a brake, and with a slight pressure of the hand on the rope below the snap, the fireman can perfectly control the speed of descent. Four turns are taken if they have to bring a person down with them.

Next in the series is found a movement that requires a cool head and plenty of nerve on the part of the recruit. It is known as climbing "en échelon." He hooks his ladder in a window at one side of the one just above him, and, while the ladder swings like a pendulum into its place, he climbs up. Though this appears to be a risky feat, and one that needs considerable confidence and proficiency, it is a valuable accomplishment. Should the fireman in actual service attempt to rescue one from the upper part of a building, and find above him a window so charged with flame that he cannot enter, it is by this feat that he passes up and around that window and thus reaches by a roundabout course the floors above.

When the "life-net" is brought out and held by fifteen or twenty of his companions, the recruit is taught how to jump into this last resort of the life-saving corps, and—what is more important—he himself learns how to hold it in turn to receive one of his companions.

The net is of rope—circular and woven from a central ring. The strands radiate regularly from this center to the different handles attached



CARRYING A MAN DOWN THE "ROOF-LINE."

form each quickly and without any hitch, and they leave the school trained in every way.

tral ring. The strands radiate regularly from this center to the different handles attached

to the rim or edge so as to equalize the strain when a body strikes the net.

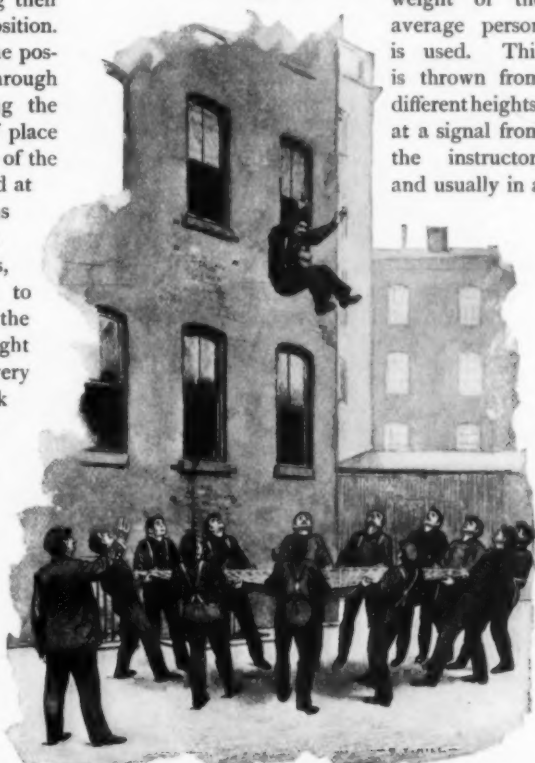
When firemen jump they are taught to come down in such a way that by throwing their feet out they may land in a sitting-position. Landing in this manner they escape the possibility of their legs or arms going through the net and being injured by striking the ground—a point that it is not out of place for every one to know. Each member of the party takes a turn at jumping into and at holding the net; and by this means there is no shirking or carelessness in performing that part of the lessons, for every pupil knows that his turn to jump will come sooner or later, and the application of the “golden rule” is brought forcibly to his mind. Each man is very particular to do his share of the work with painstaking care and attention. As the instructor put it: “I make each man jump into the net, and then there’s no ‘playing soldier’ in holding it—no, sir!”

In holding the net, the men brace themselves with one foot forward, and, bringing the arms up, half bent, they grasp the handles of the net firmly in each hand, thus bringing the rim or outer edge of the net about on a level with their shoulders, and as high as it can possibly be kept from the ground. They then watch for the descending body, and as it is about to strike they all stretch together; the arms, being half-bent, act as springs, and bring the strain of the falling body on the muscles of their upper arms. Were they to stand with their arms stretched out straight the shock would be so great that it would pull them off their feet, and might pitch them head first into the net themselves.

They are taught not only how to hold the net, but how to hold it correctly and yet be able to move quickly about in any direction, so that they may catch a person falling or jumping from any window, and may receive him exactly in the middle of the net. This is most important, for at a fire the smoke might be so thick that the one jumping could not see the

net, nor those holding it be able to see the body descending. In order to prepare them for such an emergency, a dummy of about the

weight of the average person is used. This is thrown from different heights, at a signal from the instructor, and usually in a



CATCHING A MAN IN THE “LIFE-NET.”

direction different from that expected by the men.

It is estimated that this dummy, weighing some 150 pounds, when thrown from the sixth floor, strikes the net with a force of 1750 pounds. It can be seen, therefore, that considerable strength must be exerted to keep a body weighing that much from striking the ground, when jumping from so great a height. They have to jump about in a lively way to catch it, and if it does not land exactly in the middle of the net, or if it strikes the ground, they get a sound lecturing by the instructor, and are kept at it until they are able to catch it exactly in the middle of the net, and without any failures.

This practically finishes the recruit’s lessons

in the yard. On rainy days, or when it is too cold to work outdoors, he is taken to the gymnasium on the fifth floor, and there learns to handle the many devices used in the department.

He is taught how to "couple" and "uncouple" (disconnect) hose, how to put into service "cellar" and "sub-cellar" pipes for fighting cellar fires; and the use of the "tin-cutter" for opening roofs. He learns about the battering-rams, axes, and hooks, and the hundred and one other appliances carried upon the hose-wagons and trucks.

When his course in the school is finished, and he has received a percentage high enough to qualify him, he is "passed" by the instructor,

and assigned to some company in the service—usually to one in a busy district where he will have plenty of experience. Then his actual life as a fireman begins, an experience fraught with many dangers.

But it is rarely that we find our firemen "losing their heads"; and although raising a scaling-ladder to rescue some one amid the confusion and smoke of an actual fire is not at all like practice in the quiet yard at Headquarters, with a great big net stretched underneath to catch them should they fall, yet they are always ready and anxious to perform such a duty. The people may well be grateful to the graduates of this excellent School for Firemen.

WHAT THE STRIPES MEAN.

By H. L. BRIDWELL.





* WHAT * THE * STARS * MEAN *

THE STATES AND THEIR DATES OF ADMISSION TO THE UNION. ~ 1896



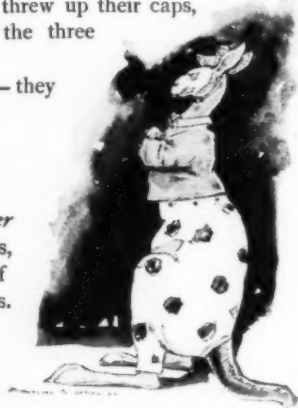
By C.C. Jencks.

No. 1. Organization.



In eighteen hundred and blankety-nine,
On a summer day, when the weather was fine,
There was held—to settle some old disputes—
A society known as the Congress of Brutes.
From the whole round earth to its uttermost ends
Were gathered the delegates and their friends;
When all had assembled, and order prevailed,
The hedgehog arose and remarked that he failed
“To perceive the relation of which to what,
When the wherefore is whether it was, or was not.”
At this half a dozen debaters arose,
And the argument deepened—from words into blows.
And so they continued to argue and fight,
Till the dodo got up and declared 't was not right,
And called on the others to make some amends
By joining the order of Very Good Friends.
At this all the delegates threw up their caps,
And took the degree of the three
mystic raps.

That is—I should say—they
all did but one—
The kangaroo—
Who started to run
And with great ado
Proclaimed that he *never*
would make amends,
By joining the order of
Very Good Friends.



A BOSTON TEA-PARTY. WHO WERE THE GUESTS?

(A Prize Puzzle.)

BY MARY SEYMOUR.

(FOR LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED, SEE NEXT PAGE.)

DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE.

EACH number represents a question to be answered by the name of a man or woman. Arrange the answers in the order of the questions, and number them on the left-hand margin.

Give your name, age, and address at the top of each page of the answers, leaving space enough above to fasten the pages together. Use sheets of note-paper size, and black ink, and write on only one side of the paper.

Address: Office of ST. NICHOLAS,

Union Square, New York City;

And write in left-hand lower corner of the envelope "Prize Puzzle."

I SPENT a night recently in an old Colonial mansion, and had a strange dream. I thought I was invited to a "Boston Tea-Party," but instead of seeing disguised men throw chests of tea into the harbor, as I had expected, I found myself in the midst of an assemblage of men and women who were in some way connected with the stirring scenes of the Revolution. Friends and foes, Indian braves and gentle dames mingled freely with each other. I begged my host to tell me who they were, and though he did not give their real names, he made each known to me by some characteristic title, or by something each had said or done. Such an odd company!

There was the man of whom Daniel Webster said, "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet" (1). He was explaining some financial point to the diplomat who was sent to Spain to negotiate a loan of \$5,000,000, and the free navigation of the Mississippi (2), and the man who said, "These are the times that try men's souls" (3). The officer who burned New London (4) chatted with the beautiful daughter of Colonel Dandridge (5) and the "Man of the Town-meeting" (6). The man who, as President of Congress, signed the commission of George Washington as commander-in-chief of the army (7), the English nobleman, poet and kinsman of Lord Byron, one of three commissioners sent by George III to restore peace (8), and the author of the "Columbiad" (9) stood in a group near me.

I recognized at once the soldier on whose tombstone we read, "He dared to lead where any dared to follow" (10), and longed to hear him tell of his hair-breadth escapes. Drawing near to the English officer who would have been remembered as a dramatist, had he not become famous as a soldier (11), I heard him recounting how in his hardest-fought battle one gun was taken and retaken five times.

As I moved along, the Vice-President who was acquitted of high treason, and indicted for murder (12) passed me to greet with a courtly bow the wife of "The Father of the Constitution" (13), who was entertaining in her most charming manner the man who founded the first circulating-library in America (14), "Light Horse Harry" (15), and the full-blooded Indian warrior who translated the Prayer-Book and parts of the New Testament into the Mohawk language (16). The British general who negotiated with Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point (17) was in friendly converse with the officer who, when warned of great peril, said, "Where is the man who does not think it glorious and delightful to die for his country!" (18)

I took a good look at the soldier to whom Frederick the Great sent a sword with the words, "From the oldest general in the world, to the greatest" (19); and at the risk of being thought an eavesdropper, listened eagerly to some ringing words of the man of whom Jefferson said, "He seemed to speak as Homer wrote" (20). He was addressing his conversa-

tion to the distinguished mother (21) of the "Old Man Eloquent."

One officer attracted me by his graceful bearing and gentle, winning manner. He was the only one of the company present who was buried in Westminster Abbey (22). I was amused to hear the British officer who became lord-lieutenant of Ireland and governor-general of India (23) discussing late improvements in ordnance with the patriot who, on one occasion, led his men forward with the cry, "There are the red-coats! We must beat them to-day, or Molly — is a widow!" (24), and the heroic woman who, after an act of bravery, was presented to Washington, and received a sergeant's commission with half-pay through life (25).

I talked with the one President who, beside Washington, served in the field during the Revolution (26), and with the hero (27) of a satirical poem written by a British officer, and named the "Cow Chase," showing how supplies were captured by the Americans. I had some words with the wordy man who first copyrighted a book under a United States law (28). I felt a secret exultation as I looked at

the officer (29) who is said to have demanded the surrender of the enemy's stores "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

I felt grateful for such countrymen as the statesman who said, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination" (30), the framer of the Declaration of Independence (31), and the man who first made the motion in Congress to dissolve connection with Great Britain (32). I looked with delight at the man who was made a major-general in the Continental army before he was twenty years old (33).

I saw the engraver (34) of "The Boston Massacre," who assisted at the original "Tea-Party," and was made famous by another midnight exploit, passing through a doorway with the American commander (35) to whom Louis XVI presented a sword for services against the English, and, eager to hear the latter tell of some of his wonderful adventures on his famous ship, I made a sudden, energetic movement forward, and awoke — to find that it was all a dream, and alas! that it was ended.

LIST OF PRIZES OFFERED.

FOR the best answers to the foregoing puzzle according to the conditions of the competition, ST. NICHOLAS offers the following prizes:

One prize of Five Dollars.

Two prizes of Four Dollars each.

Five prizes of Three Dollars each.

Ten prizes of Two Dollars each.

Twelve prizes of One Dollar each.

These, amounting to sixty dollars, will be given in the form of brand-new one-dollar bills.

Directions for preparing and forwarding answers are given on page 785.

The competition is limited to subscribers, or regular readers, of ST. NICHOLAS from the age of ten to the age of eighteen years inclusive.

The Committee of Judges in awarding prizes will take into account not only the correctness of the answers but the age of the sender and the neatness of the manuscript. All answers must be received at the office of ST. NICHOLAS

before July 15, 1896, and no competitor may send more than one copy.

In justice to all competitors, each set of answers must be signed by a parent, guardian, or teacher, giving the sender's name, age, and address in this general form: I hereby certify that this is the work of — (name), of — (address), aged —. He (or she) has received assistance in answering the questions numbered —, —, — (giving the numbers only).

Competitors may freely consult books of reference provided the books are of their own selection, and answers thus found need not be included in the "assistance" list; but any aid received through questions asked of their parents or friends, or through suggestions from such persons as to books of reference, should be acknowledged in the form above given.

Do not write letters or notes that require a reply, as the Editor cannot undertake to answer questions concerning the competition. The conditions are fully stated here.

A CORRECTION.

IN the report, published in the June number, awarding prizes for answers to the Fairy Godmother Puzzle, the list mentioned "fifteen prizes of one dollar each." As our readers no doubt noticed, this should have read *two dollars* each, to accord with the prizes offered; and to each of the winners of these prizes two dollars were sent.



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THE ANIMALS OF BERNE.

BY PAULINE KING.



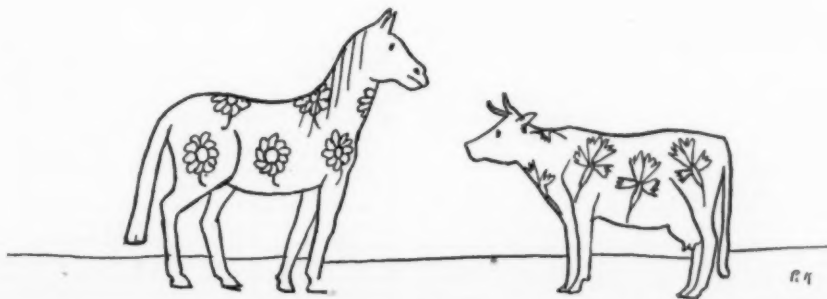
65

I HAVE a set of Animals
From Berne across the sea.
You 'd never think that cows and pigs
So beautiful could be.

For all the pigs are pale light blue,	There are no animals like those
And all the cows are green;	In all my Noah's Ark;
Their coats are speckled o'er with	There are no animals like those
flowers	In all of Central Park.
Of every kind that's seen.	

The horses are a fine bright pink
With daisies mottled over—
The cats are white and violet,
With leaves of meadow clover.

And sometimes when I think of
them
You don't know how I yearn
To see those lovely animals
A-walking round in Berne.



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THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

In the "Rhymes of the States," the valley of Willamette was described as if it were in the State of Washington. No doubt our clever boys and girls have mentally corrected the mistake, and restored the beautiful valley to Oregon.

In the picture entitled, "What the Stripes Mean," on page 782, the names of the States are given, reading from the top downward, in the order in which they ratified the Constitution.

MUSEVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. I am a cripple. I have not walked for three years. My Aunt Mary made me a present of a wheel-chair, and I can go all over the house myself. When the weather is fine I go out in the yard.

My Aunt Mary has sent you to me for two years. I liked "Teddy and Carrots." I like the "Swordmaker's Son" the best now.

I had two white rabbits, but one died, and a dog caught the other one. I have a pet ground-squirrel. I have one sister; she is nine years old. It is vacation now, but we are studying the spelling-book. Your little reader,

GEORGE H—.

WILLOW DELL FARM, VAIL'S GATE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live on a large farm where we have many animals to care for.

I am nearly fourteen years old, and my sister is twelve years. We both can milk the cows, but she much better than I. We ride our horses bareback all over the farm, and we can harness single or double, and we often drive by ourselves into town six miles away, and deliver the butter we make from our herd of Jersey cows.

We have great fun naming the calves as they come; and they are beautiful, looking like young fawns.

We have also pigs, chickens, ducks, and pet cats and dogs, so you see we never lack for company.

We love the country so much better than the city.

Your interested reader, KATHRINE B. DeW—.

CHEYENNE, WYO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old. My Aunt Emma sent you to me for last year's Christmas present and I enjoy you very much.

I should like to tell your little readers about the pack trains that go past our house. They are mules with great packs strapped on their backs, and they have men on other mules to take charge of them. The mules are to carry supplies to the different forts, and there are twenty or thirty of them at a time.

As this is the capital city we see a great many Indians that come here to attend court. They look very pretty

in their blankets. They bring polished horns and horn chairs to sell. I remain your little reader,

ADELE B—.

We print this interesting letter from a little Armenian friend just as it was written.

SMYRNA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber of your paper, which I like already very much. I am an Armenian girl of fifteen, and live in Smyrna, which is a very nice town. Our large gulf is surrounded by mountains, which make it as picturesque as a Swiss lake.

I am a very passionate stamp-collector, and as I read in your paper letters of Australian, American, and even African subscribers, I would like very much to correspond with some of them, and exchange stamps. This I do since a long time with the subscribers of my German paper, the "Kränzchen."

I have read very much about America, especially about United States and Canada; so that my greatest wish is to visit once those interesting countries.

But now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I must conclude, for I have a great many tasks to prepare for to-morrow. I am sure I did a great many mistakes, but do not laugh at them please, for I began to learn English not long ago. I wonder if you have many other Armenian subscribers.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

MARIE A—.

NIAGARA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from Niagara, I thought I would write one. I liked the story of "Teddy and Carrots" best of all, and I am very sorry it is ended. We have taken you for three years, and would be very sorry to stop. We have only two pets, which are a dog and a cat: the dog's name is "Wallace," and the cat's is "Tommy Atkins"; but we have several horses, and generally have two cows. I am ten years old, and have a twin sister. This is a very nice old town, and is such a lovely place that it is getting to be quite a summer resort; for we are right on Lake Ontario at the mouth of the Niagara River. People from all over the country come here to spend the summer. There is a very large hotel here—the Queen's Royal—and they have there immense tennis-courts, where all the best players in America come once a year to play for a silver cup. Last year we had our first golf contest, and a lady in our town is the champion lady player.

We have immense commons on each side of us, consisting of eighty acres, where all the Canadian militia come for two weeks every year to drill; and our town looks quite like it used to when all the soldiers are marching around; for this is a very historic town, too. Here was held the first Parliament of Canada, and Niagara was the capital of upper Canada. We have two old forts—Fort Messissauga and Fort George; and six miles from us, at Queenston, was fought the famous battle

of Queenston Heights, where, in 1813, we were victorious over the forces of the United States.

I remain your faithful reader,

CHARLIE L.—

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson lives almost opposite where we are staying. Mama and I went to visit her day before yesterday. My grandfather married her to her husband. She let me lift Stonewall Jackson's sword. I am very glad I have done it. I am eight years old. I live in New Jersey, but I am visiting in North and South Carolina. I expect to get a pneumatic-tired bicycle this spring.

Your friend,

NOEL BLEECKER VAN W.—

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few weeks ago my father took an X-ray picture of my left hand. He exposed it for forty-five minutes. The way he took the picture was this: he pasted a piece of white paper upon the hard-rubber slide of the plateholder, so that if I should move my hand he could put it back to the same place again. Then he tied my hand to the plateholder with a handkerchief, and turned on the X-rays and took the picture. I liked that story called "Three Freshmen, Ruth, Fran, and Nathalie," because I live in Northampton, where Smith College is, and, besides, my father is a professor there. I have a brother who is very stout, and one day papa said to him: "Jack, I guess it won't be long before you can't get through the doorway." Then Jack said: "Oh, I guess I can get through stomach-wise for quite a while yet."

Your reader, W. LEAVITT S.—

MIMOSAS SEA POINT, NEAR CAPE TOWN, S. AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you again, and hope this letter will be as successful as the last.

We are having most dreadfully hot weather now, and yesterday was simply a *melting* day.

Our cat has two dear little kittens, a black and a gray one.

During the Christmas holidays we went to see Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers play. It was very interesting. The team are traveling in the Colony, and are now at Johannesburg, the scene of the Jameson excitement. One or two of the team were very frightened (they were down here when it happened), and declared they were n't going near Johannesburg; they had come out to play, not to fight.

I am going up for my elementary examination in June. I hope I shall pass.

On the beach down here some baths have been built, swimming-baths I mean. They are filled daily with seawater, and are about seven feet deep. A good many people bathe in them; but I have not gone to them yet. There is a kind of bar above the water, from which the men dive.

Every Saturday morning at school we have an examination; last week it was English grammar, this week it was Colonial history.

I received some letters from a school in Milwaukee. The children had seen my letter in ST. NICHOLAS, and had written to me. I also received a letter from a girl in New Jersey.

Now I think I must end. I remain your loving reader,

OLIVE G. F. S.—

EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although my brother and I have had you not quite four years, we feel very much like old subscribers, and look with pleasure at the bound

volumes standing in state on the bookcase. My brother Harry could not be called very literary, for he is between twelve and thirteen—the age when a boy is devoted to town-chase, football, and I don't know what else; but on the twenty-fifth of the month, when he comes home from school, his first question is, "Has the ST. NICHOLAS come yet?"

I used to like the serials better, but since the "White Cave" was finished I am spoiled for any others less exciting. "Mardie's Experience," in the April number, I enjoyed very much.

The prize competitions have interested me greatly, but as the subscription stands in my brother's name, I was unable to take part though anxious to do so.

Easton is not a very large, and I fear to some people, not a very attractive place; but I find plenty to enjoy and keep me busy. There are several pleasant country walks to take in the summer, and then quite near by is Lafayette College, the grounds of which are always beautiful to walk through.

One queer and rather picturesque custom here has always seemed quite interesting to strangers, so perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about it. Where Third and Northampton Streets cross there is a square, in the center of which is a plot of grass containing a fountain, and surrounded by a high iron railing. This is always known as "The Circle." Portions of the circular pavement around it are rented to farmers and hucksters, who put up market-stands there every morning till about half-past ten. All the wagons are backed against the curbstone, and with the German farmers, who live around here in large numbers, all talking a sort of broken-English known as "Pennsylvania Dutch," market in Easton is quite a novel sight. For some time there has been talk of turning the circle into a park; but the city draws so large an income from the renting of these market stands that it will doubtless be very long before they are abolished.

With many wishes for the welfare of ST. NICHOLAS,

An interested reader, FEDORA E.—

Any regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS, is permitted to take part in the competitions for prizes.

"RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI" IN AMERICA.

A TRUE STORY OF A PET MONGOOSE.

I HAD a pet mongoose given to me by a gentleman who had just come from Japan, and as the mongoose is quite rare in this country, I thought perhaps the readers of your paper would be interested in hearing about him.

His name is "Mongy," and his color is black and yellow, with distinct lines running up and down his front legs, white cheeks, and a mixed black and yellow tail. He resembles somewhat a squirrel, but his hands and feet are like a monkey's, with four fingers and a little knob like a thumb in front, and five toes behind. He is extremely curious, and when he is let out of his cage he examines everything, and sometimes even tastes the furniture, to see if it is good.

He is so tame that he will eat out of our hands, and jump or leap from one person to another, running up and down our clothes.

Like all animals of his kind, he enjoys peanuts and acorns immensely, as well as all other varieties of nuts. Every day he washes himself, and carefully smooths out his tail and body. If he is angry his eyes turn red, and sometimes he makes a queer little noise which is meant, I suppose, for a growl.

The gentleman who gave him to me said that he had to be kept very warm, and so every night we give him his little blanket, and he fixes it to suit himself, and then crawls in with his tail over his head, and goes to sleep.

He is very fond of fruit, especially peaches, bananas, and pears, and he holds his food with his little thumbs while eating.

One day we let him out in a tree, and he ran up on a limb and sat there looking down at us. We withdrew a short distance, and he either jumped or fell from the limb to the ground, a height of about fifty feet. We thought, of course, he was killed, but he started to run away, and the dog almost caught him, when he ran into the cellar of the next house, where we captured him and brought him home.

The mongooses are said to be great snake-killers, and no matter how large or how venomous the snake is, they do not hesitate to attack it, and as they are so quick and active they generally come off victorious.

Altogether, he is a most interesting little pet, and affords us a great deal of pleasure.

CHAPMAN R.—

PEMBERTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of your most interesting stories to me is "Remember the Alamo," and I suppose the reason is that I have heard so much of the story all my life. I was born nine years ago in San Antonio, within sight of the old Alamo, but was too little at the time I left there to remember it. I am now living in a country town twenty-five miles from Philadelphia. My grandma has sent you to me for three years, and you have always been received with a great deal of pleasure.

Yours sincerely, HELEN D. B.—

MAYSVILLE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a plantation eleven or twelve miles from Maysville.

I have a merry life out there. I have a pony, three dogs, six kittens, and a pair of rabbits. Also, a pair of the dearest little white mice you ever saw.

I have taken you for several years. My uncle sends you to me from Chicago, where I am now staying.

A little way from our house are the negroes' huts, and one night we were awakened by the shrieks of "Fire! fire!" and all the huts were in flames. It took papa several months to have them rebuilt.

I am going to return home in a few days. I don't think I like city life very well. But before I go I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your ST. NICHOLAS, because Chicago seems so much nearer to you than Louisiana.

I am not the kind of girl that generally writes to you. My hair is short and straight, and almost as black as a crow's feathers.

Yours sincerely, HANNAH B. F.

VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a large farm in Virginia. I have two brothers and a baby sister. There are four of my cousins here; the eldest is about my own age. We have such a nice time here in the summer. We have two swings, two hammocks, and a merry-go-round. I love to read the ST. NICHOLAS. I enjoyed "The Prize Cup." I like to read the letters the children write. We ride horseback when we can.

We have a lovely view from here. We can see Monticello, the home of President Jefferson. It is about sixteen miles from here, and you can look westward and see Castle Hill. To the northwest you can see Montpelier, the home of President Madison. Then you can look to the north and see Cedar Mountain, where the battle of that name was fought. In the next country northeast of us, Spottsylvania, the battle of Chancellorsville was fought, and there are many other famous places near us.

BELLA B.—

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sure you would like to hear something about the Olympian games, therefore I write with pleasure to give you a little account of them, but I shall not say too much, as perhaps you have already seen about them in the papers.

The race of 100 meters was won by Mr. Burke—an American—also the one of 400 meters. The races of 800 and 1500 meters by Mr. Flack, an Australian. The "Marathon" race of 40,000 meters was gloriously won by a Greek, named Louis, and he ran it in two hours, fifty-five minutes. Hurdle-race, 110 meters, Mr. Curtis, an American. High jumping and long jumping by Mr. Clark, an American. Wrestling, Mr. Shuman, a German, and sword-fighting by two Greeks and a Frenchman. Rope by Mr. Andricopoulos, a Greek. Shooting, 300 meters, Mr. Orphanatos, a Greek; 200 meters, Mr. Carrosebas, also a Greek; 25 meters, Mr. Paine, an American. Mr. Flameng, a Frenchman, was first in the bicycle-race of 100,000 meters; Mr. Masson in the race of 10,000 meters; bicycle race from Athens to Marathon and back 80,000 meters, Mr. Constantinides, a Greek. The rings by Mr. Mitropoulos, a Greek.

The Americans are fine fellows and took many prizes. The Greeks did not win very much this time, but they are the first games we have had here; there are only four clubs in Athens. I am a Greek boy and not long learning English. I like your magazine so much. The story of the "Prize Cup" is grand. Your little friend,

ALEXANDER P. CAVVADIAZ.

JERICHO, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I thought that I would write to the "Letter-Box" how maple sugar is made in Vermont.

After the 1st of March, when it begins to thaw, the men go around and bore small holes in the trees to the depth of about an inch, and then drive tin spouts into them, and hang up tin buckets.

The sap only drops, its speed being regulated by the conditions of the weather. It runs best after a freezing night. Teams draw about large tubs, into which the sap is gathered and drawn to the sugar-house. In this is an evaporator, or large flat pan, under which a brisk fire is burning. The sap is taken from the gathering-tub to a vat in the sugar-house, and run from that into one end of the evaporator, and boils till it runs out of the other end, being then syrup.

It is then allowed to settle, and next it is poured into a smaller pan and boiled till it thickens enough to form into cakes of sugar.

It's jolly fun watching the white clouds of steam and the crackling fire. But best of all is when dinner-time comes, for we boil our eggs in the evaporator, roast our potatoes in the hot ashes, and broil our ham before the fire on a pointed stick. Wishing that each of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS could have a cake of pure maple sugar, not the adulterated article that is usually sold, I remain Your reader and admirer, ALLAN R. W.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Helen W. Moore, Helen C. Ray, Grace Tillotson, Ruth Dunbar, Charles B. Bradley, Lottie W. Morrison, T. B. Blake, Lottie V. Finley, May Fuller, Helen D. Porter, Evva R. Egan, Warren Barton B., Bessie Knappen, Anna L. Reiman Marion, Agnes, and Silas Schoch, O. Barnes, Bradley Y. Johnson, W. Maxwell M., Mabel L., Edith F., and Irma R., Mechtild, William Butler Windle, R. J. Douglas, Mary Worthington, J. Cuyler Patterson, Carlton T. Bishop, Pauline R. Holt, Helen Bartholomew, Florence M. Kent, Florence C., Clinton F. Ivins, Margaret W., Julia Miller, Rowan L., Thomas A. Larremore.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Road. 2. Otto. 3. Atom. 4. Dome.
CHARADE. Nose-gay.
BEHEADINGS. Abraham Lincoln. 1. A-bridge. 2. B-rogue. 3. R-each. 4. A-broad. 5. H-ash. 6. A-base. 7. M-other. 8. L-eaf. 9. I-rate. 10. N-ice. 11. C-rash. 12. O-rations. 13. L-eaver. 14. N-one.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Lowell; finals, Holmes. Cross-words: 1. Lash. 2. Otto. 3. Well. 4. Edam. 5. Late. 6. Lads.
RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Rhomb. 2. Ewers. 3. Naiad. 4. De-fer. 5. Renew.

RIDDLE. Bar.
DIAMOND. 1. Z. 2. Beg. 3. Board. 4. Zealous. 5. Groan. 6. Dun. 7. S.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Webster. 1. Wall. 2. Egg. 3. Bowl. 4. Sword. 5. Tree. 6. Easel. 7. Rocker.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle Box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from M. McG.—Paul Reese—"Jersey Quartette"—"Dandy Small"—G. B. Dyer—Philip and Richard S.—Helen C. McCleary—Josephine Sherwood—Arthur D. Brown—Frances Lee Fleming—"Nashville Trio"—Ruth Worthington Bourne—L. O. E.—Marion J. Homans and Mary T. Richardson—Harry and Helene—Ella and Co.—"Ity E"—John W. Walker and Co.—Clara Anthony—Grace Edith Thallon—Clifton Pool Mayfield—Effe K. Talboys—Jo and I—"Doc" and Herman—"Edgewater Two"—Marguerite Sturdy—"The Two Georges"—Daniel Hardin and Co.—Louisa E. Jones—Addison Neil Clark, G. and M.—Merry and Co.—"Two Little Brothers"—"Sand Cakes"—"Tod and Van"—"Woodside Folks"—Florence Thrall and Co.—Nessie and Freddie—"The Trio"—"Embla"—"Monmouth Quartette"—"Pansies"—Katharine S. Doty—Franklyn Farnsworth—"The Three Furies"—Paul Rowley—Sigourney Fay Nininger—"Princeton Tigers"—Ardel Dougan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Bertha G. Martin, 1—Evel R. Schlusell, 2—Edgar P. Wilson, 1—Fedora Edgar, 1—P. Davidson, 4—W. H. H. Emory, 1—Helen L. A., 2—Dorothy R. Gittings, 1—Carr Fortune, 1—Edith Winterrowd, 1—W. L., 9—Bertha S. Michaels, 1—Mary H. Pusey, 2—"Owl's Nest Club," 8—Sanford T. Hudson, 2—John A. Church, 8—Georgia Stipp, 5—Beatrice Bankes, 1—"Girl Reader," 2—Wm. C. W. Beattie, 1—Nick Carter, 4—Charlotte Q. D., 4—"Old Dominion," 7—Alma L. Knapp, 1—M. F. G. and sister, 1—Lillian Hale, 1—Warren B. Blake, 6—S. H., 6—Sally Perry, 1—M. J. Philbin, 6—Bertha Romaine, 8—C. D. Lauer and Co., 9—Belinda and Charly, 5—Mary Stapleton, 5—M. S. W., 2—Marion and Elsie, 1—"The Happy Family," 6—J. O'Donohue Perrine, 1—A. A. Knapp and E. Garrett, 1—James A. Greig, 3—Frederica Yeager, 6—G. Isabel Ashwell, 1—No name, Merion Station, 8—Mary Rake, 3—Bessie Flett, 9—W. H. Blue, 1—Edith M., 5—"Gladiola," 6—Gladys Johnson, 1—Mary E. W., 2—Sairy Gamp, 2—"The Grannies," 9—N. Van Schaick, 6—"Bug and Bee," 8—Ruth and Mamma, 8—B. and D., 6—A. E. and H. G. E., 9—Olive Ourn, 9—Fred. Hallock, 1—Van Nese, 4—Lucy and Eddie H., 3—"Girl from Maine," 2—Mary H. and Ernest T. Rossiter, 8—Fannie J., 3—Edward Everett, Jr., 3—"Watertown Menagerie," 1—Evelyn R. Browne, 1—Laura M. Zinser, 7—Jean Blackader, 5—Olive C. Lupton, 8—C. W. Adams, 3—Florence Elsie Turner, 8—E. C. C. E., 5.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of twenty letters, and form the title of a well-known book.

My 7-2-15 4-16-6 is insignificant. My 11-13-14 is sport. My 1-19-9-17 is knowledge. My 18-12-20 is a beam. My 3-8-5-10 is related. FLORENCE GASSON.

book written by the author whose name answers this puzzle. 8. Without angles. 9. A common bird. 10. Less youthful. 11. More depressed. 12. One who has a strong liking for anything.

BERTHA ANDREWS.

CHARADE.

MY first is a preposition.
MY second means to partake of food.
Steamers frequent my third.
MY fourth is competent.
MY whole is impossible to endure.

EDITH R. M.

HOOR-GLASS.

MY centrals, reading downward, spell the name of a musician who was born in July, 1714.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A bundle of sticks. 2. Entire. 3. In plucky. 4. To perform. 5. A jester.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous story-teller.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mark for identification. 2. A masculine name. 3. A common fluid. 4. Objects of worship. 5. A place where the water is shallow. 6. An ungainly bird. 7. The famous heroine of the famous

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Constantinople. 1. Calais. 2. Orleans. 3. Naples. 4. Shanghai. 5. Teheran. 6. Amsterdam. 7. Nuremberg. 8. Tarsus. 9. Inverness. 10. Nantes. 11. Odessa. 12. Palmyra. 13. Lucknow. 14. Edinburgh.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The summer time has come again,
With all its light and mirth,
And June leads on the laughing hours
To bless the weary earth.

DIAGONAL. CROSS. Cross-words: 1. Castle. 2. sAline. 3. frEnry. 4. cloSed. 5. vassAr. 6. dollaR.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Shy. 3. Sheep. 4. Years. 5. Proud. 6. Super. 7. Defer. 8. Revel. 9. Red. 10. L.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large quadruped. 2. Freedom from toil. 3. Small poisonous serpents. 4. The remainder.

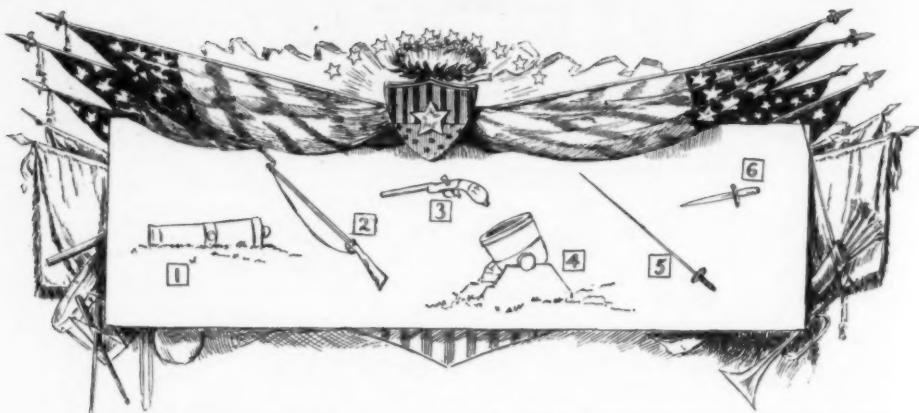
II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A coagulation. 2. Affection. 3. A place for baking. 4. A pavilion.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To reproach. 2. Broad. 3. Certain days in the Roman calendar. 4. To try.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large quadruped. 2. Surface. 3. A lively dance. 4. A fable.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To believe. 2. Scarce. 3. Verbal. 4. To join by means of heat.

"SCHOOL BOYS."

**ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.**

ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American soldier who was killed in 1876.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in gold, but not in brass;
My second, in flowers, but not in grass;
My third is in red, but not in blue;
My fourth is in grate, but not in flue;
My fifth is in barrel, but not in cask;
My sixth is in lesson, but not in task;
My seventh is in star, but not in moon;
My eighth is in ditty, but out of tune.

My whole is something that floats above,—
Something we honor, guard, and love.

EFFIE K. TALBOYS.

PRESIDENTIAL ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains six letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of the one who will receive the most votes for the next President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: A masculine name. 2. A filament. 3. To divide. 4. A popular opera. 5. To abolish. 6. Shattered. 7. A professional rider of horses in races. 8. Part of a harness. 9. To force. 10. Penetration of mind. 11. A winduppane.

M. N. W.

RIDDLE.

MY first is twice as big as you;
My second 's second person, too;
My third you 'll find in every shoe;
My fourth comes twice in every noon;
My fifth is found in many a tune.
To find my whole, one must be bright.
The easy answer is not right.

T. J.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the fourth row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a city in

India; the fifth row, reading upward, will spell to slaughter; these two words combined will spell a tragic event which occurred in July, 1857.

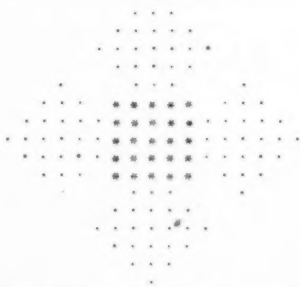
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Maxims. 2. Recompensed 3. A glass case in which to exhibit goods. 4. Inclosed places in which great heat is produced. 5. A traveler's handbag. 6. Selecting. 7. Occurring here and there. 8. Plotters.

F. S. F.

DIAMOND.

1. IN truth. 2. An article. 3. Faithfully. 4. A loud noise. 5. More aged. 6. An old word meaning "before." 7. In truth.

M. L. R.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In boulder. 2. To fondle. 3. A Turkish officer of high rank. 4. To scorn. 5. Dense. 6. To request. 7. In boulder.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In boulder. 2. The native form of a metal. 3. Auguries. 4. To respire. 5. A vestibule. 6. Coy. 7. In boulder.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A color. 2. A masculine name. 3. Older. 4. To choose. 5. A point of the compass.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In boulder. 2. A masculine nickname. 3. A large river of Africa. 4. Governed by rule. 5. To retard. 6. A line of light. 7. In boulder.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In boulder. 2. A boy. 3. Freight. 4. Fundamental. 5. To waste away. 6. A word which expresses denial. 7. In boulder.

LAURA M. ZINSER.



"THE CZAR TURNED IN HIS CHAIR, AND WATCHED HER."

(SEE PAGE 806.)

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